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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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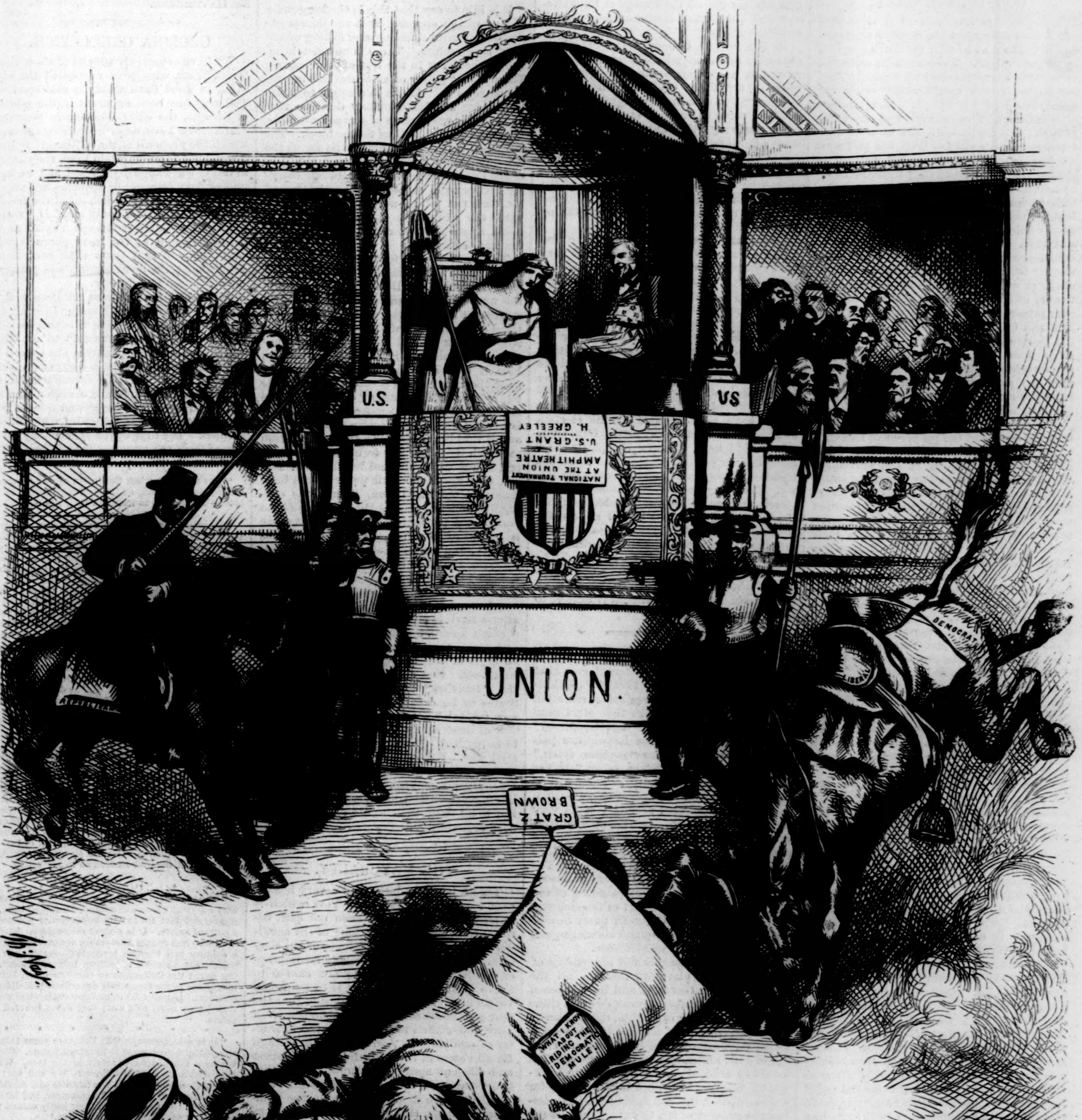

"HOME-STRETCHED."

November 5th his borrowed Steed will Home-stretch him.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

CIRCULATION 159,000

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive the Eighth Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is issued gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE FAILURE OF THE CONFIDENCE GAME.

THE coalition has desperately attempted a final rally since the October elections. In July it told us to wait for North Carolina—and we waited. Then we were exhorted to wait for Vermont—and we waited. Then for Maine, which would really settle the question—and we waited. No: all that was nothing. The country was not fairly roused. Only wait until the October elections—and we waited. Well, but just wait for November—and we are all waiting in perfect faith, and every body foresees the result. The elections in the States were solos. The November election will be a chorus. But the tune will be the same. The people of the United States fully comprehend the situation. There has been an attempted confidence game in politics, and it has ridiculously failed. The sacred names of reconciliation and reform have been invoked as the cry of one of the most absurd coalitions ever proposed; and men like CHARLES SUMNER and CARL SCHURZ have gravely asked the people of this country to believe that those who have been trained to despise equal rights are their safest guardians, and that the party whose practices have corrupted our politics is the only friend of pure administration.

The game has failed because it has been fully exposed, and the people have had time to perceive both its peril and its folly. Some of the sincerer leaders of the movement which has resulted in the miserable catastrophe were not magnanimous enough to acknowledge that the scheme as presented was a changeling, and have given it an irritated and inefficient support to save their consistency. As the disaster approaches which will show Mr. GREELEY to be both a political suicide and a political assassin—in having destroyed both his own political life and that of the Democratic party—those of whom we speak congratulate themselves that they have begun a movement of reform. In so far, as we said last week, as they have been instrumental in destroying the Democratic party they have been useful. But it is a use against their efforts and their wishes. Their aim has been to defeat the Republican party and to restore the Democratic; and could the coalition have been successful, every object to attain which its few sincere supporters have sustained it would have been hopelessly imperiled.

What the coalition really is we have constantly shown by appealing to facts. Its hollowness and duplicity have appeared at every turn. We have heard one of the most distinguished of the "Liberal" Republican leaders, who has stumped the country from Maine to the Mississippi, ridiculing the movement with a contempt which no real Republican could surpass. We have heard the stanchest Democrats honestly indignant. And to every New Yorker its character is sufficiently indicated by the facts that FERNANDO WOOD informs us that "all good men" are united for Mr. GREELEY, and that the "Liberal" Republicans have nominated Mr. THOMAS J. CREAMER for Congress, and Mr. MICHAEL NORTON for the Assembly. This, we suppose, is reform. This shows the earnest desire for purity and peace which inspires the coalition. It is no reply to say that there are bad Republicans also nominated; for the "Liberals" are gentlemen who tell us that they leave the party because of bad nominations: and they prove their sincerity by supporting Democrats like Messrs. CREAMER and NORTON, and by fraternizing with FERNANDO WOOD. In Massachusetts they have nominated Mr. BANKS against the regular Republican candidate. Does any Massachusetts Republican imagine that any other Massachusetts Republican sees in the nomination of Mr. BANKS any peculiar promise of political reform? Are the spirit and methods of his political career so much loftier than those of Judge HOAR, or Mr. DAWES, or Mr. GEORGE F. HOAR that he is to be considered the representative of a purer and more progressive policy than they? This is true every where. In the First District of New York, for instance, the Republicans have nominated Mr. HENRY J. SCUDDER, of Suffolk County. Mr. SCUDDER is a man of the very highest character and intelligence, and of recognized ability. The "Liberal" Republicans claim that they are better Republicans than the rest of us, and have not joined the Democrats. They wish to purify the Republican party, and force it to select good men. Why, then, do they not in that district support one of the best men and truest Republicans in it? Why do they sustain a Democrat? They can give no answer which will not cover with ridicule the pretense that they are Republicans who wish to purify the party. They are men who have made a coalition with Democrats to defeat the Republicans. They are not Republicans who wish to purify their party.

In the Richmond County district the Liberal Republicans, loud for "reform," support a Democrat whom none of the better men of his own party sustain, and support him against one of the stanchest Republicans and one of the honestest men in the county.

In Connecticut General HAWLEY, whose character and ability have a national reputation, is a candidate for Congress. No State in the Union could send a worthier representative or a more upright man, naturally devoted to every good measure. His opponent is a gentleman who was one of the most notorious "Copperheads" of the war: certainly not the master of General HAWLEY either in character or ability. And the New York *Tribune* says, "The voters of the Hartford district, if they care any thing for a genuine reform, can not afford to risk any votes upon General HAWLEY."

There are those who deplore the frequent recurrence of the Presidential election, and regret that the campaign should be prolonged through several months. But the remedy for the perils of the frequency is not to be sought so much in lengthening the term as in the restriction of Executive patronage, while the time is invaluable for the thorough exposure of just such a political fraud as has now been attempted. Had the election occurred earlier, there are many honest Republicans who would have seriously believed that their hopes and aims would have been satisfied by the election of Mr. GREELEY, and many honest Democrats who would have followed the party order against their political instincts. Time has undeceived the former and released the latter. Every day has revealed more and more clearly the precise issue of this election; and the great majority which will appear for General GRANT will represent not only the intelligent appreciation of the American people of the real point at issue, but it will be the voice of their indignation at the deception of which there has been so shameless an effort upon the part of political tricksters to make them the dupes.

THE QUESTION OF "THE SOUTH."

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that the Southern question, or that of "rehabilitation," is the key of the political situation in this country. It thinks that Mr. GREELEY'S nomination has "desectionalized" "the South," and that the Republican policy tends to destroy the "popular spirit," "the free-born Anglo-Saxon spirit," in the Southern part of the country. There can be no doubt of the importance of this question, and of the consequent necessity of its very careful consideration. But the *Courier-Journal* will remember that the immediate and pressing point is the effect of Mr. GREELEY'S election upon the Southern situation. The very first thing that the Southern States require is an intelligent understanding of the real feeling of the other part of the country. And the guilt of the GREELEY party in misrepresenting that feeling and slandering the Republican policy is incalculable.

From the assumptions and innuendoes of the Cincinnati platform, through all the speeches of Mr. GREELEY and the combined Democratic and Liberal press, down to these last moments of the campaign, the falsehoods and exaggerations of the coalition have profoundly imbittered and long postponed the era of good understanding. No one who has carefully studied public and private information from the Southern States doubts for a moment that the real feeling which underlies the support of Mr. GREELEY there is the hope of a virtual Democratic restoration, and an undoing, so far as practicable, of what has been done. It is useless to say that only certain fierce and foolish orators and papers take this view. So we used to hear that the fire-eaters did not represent Southern sentiment. But we know that they did. And it is these orators and papers who are today the representatives of the dominant Democratic sentiment in that part of the country.

In these very columns to-day we quote the words of a GREELEY elector at large in Georgia. In Alabama, at about the same time, Mr. HERNDON, the GREELEY candidate for Governor of the State, said,

"The oath we are required to take before we can vote is of no binding force, *morally* or *legally*."

And again,

"I have the pen with which I signed the ordinance of secession, and I intend it shall be handed down to my children, because I performed with it one of the proudest acts of my life."

These remarks were heartily applauded, and General BRAXTON BRAGG, who was present, was enthusiastically summoned. He said:

"I have no country and no citizenship. I am proud to know I am one of the two hundred disfranchised. I have no apology to make. If the Southern people had not done what they did they would have been disgraced and dishonored. The time will come when we will be honored and rewarded. I know GRANT. He has been a drunken vagabond, and I have known ladies to refuse to let him come into their presence. And this is the man we have to rule over us. I have been opposed to Mr. GREELEY. But Mr. GREELEY is for us now, and he ought to be elected, and I hope will be."

It is idle to say that this is the Buncombe of a campaign speech. It is the honest expression of natural feeling, and feeling which must long endure. There is no thought of vengeance for it in the rest of the country. There is no "policy of hate" devised in consequence of it. And it is a crime to insist that there is. Mr. GREELEY declares that he is the representative of emancipation for the white man as well as for the black. The innuendo here is a falsehood. So far as the Administration is concerned, and the laws of the United States, there is absolute equality between the races; and the election of Mr. GREELEY could not further "emancipate" the white men except, as the Richmond *Enquirer* recommends, by disfranchising the black men.

The very first step toward entire harmony in the Union is the dissolution of the present organization of the Democratic party: and the unspeakable mischief of the GREELEY movement has been the wild hope it has fostered of the success of that party. The position of the Liberal Republicans is as unpardonable now as it would have been in 1868 if they had supported Mr. SEYMOUR upon the same ground of reconciliation. The figure-head of Mr. GREELEY does not change the fact that it is the Democratic party which is to elect him, if his election were possible; and if that party be really the organization to which it is desirable to intrust the country, it was desirable, and for the same reason, that the Democratic party should have reconstructed the Union. When the controlling political class in the Southern States permits the people to understand that there is no desire of revenge in the rest of the country, and no hope of a Democratic restoration, that the laws are equal, and that the chief local dissatisfactions arise not from Republican administration in Washington, but from causes sure to be long operative after a terrible civil war, we shall be sure of a much speedier solution of all remaining difficulties than is possible so long as the struggle of the Democratic party for power continues. Nor will any wise man expect the "Bourbon" element in the Southern States to be ever "reconciled." It is the new "South," not the old, to which the future of those States belongs. We must learn to be patient of the results of slavery and civil war. But equal laws equally administered are all that politics can achieve. Friendly intercourse, good feeling, mutual intelligence—these must cement the work. But to all these the GREELEY campaign has been organized hostility.

THE MAYORALTY.

THERE is a very large and a very intelligent vote in the city of New York which is often practically lost, or even not cast, because the voters know nothing of the candidates or of the probable chances of the election. They do not wish to vote for improper candidates, and they do not choose to throw their votes away. It is to help such voters to an intelligent conclusion that the four gentlemen of whom we spoke last week have undertaken to investigate the character of candidates. And it should be enough for all voters in the city who wish an honest and efficient municipal administration that the Committee of Seventy, of which those gentlemen are members, approve the nomination of Mr. HAVEMEYER to the Mayoralty. The air has been full of rumors of intrigue between the friends of various candidates. But at last the situation is clear. The men of all parties who were most conspicuous in the reform movement of last year, including Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR, whose Democracy should certainly satisfy the most Democratic Democrat, support Mr. HAVEMEYER, and advise others to do the same. Mr. HAVEMEYER is the candidate of reform, and those who united to break the Tammany Ring last year ought to unite now to elect him.

Mr. LAWRENCE, who is, we believe, an estimable gentleman, is the candidate of the Reform Democrats, an exceedingly select body of voters. They will, perhaps, vote for him, and so diminish the vote of Mr. HAVEMEYER. But the latter gentleman is supported by the combined reformers of all parties. If the Reform Democrats, therefore, are more earnest for the elevation of the city administration than for a wholly partisan triumph, they will vote for Mr. HAVEMEYER, thus securing his election beyond question. If the party tie is stronger than the wish for real reform, they will sustain Mr. LAWRENCE, and take the chance. But it is a contest in which no honest reformer ought to take the chance. It was a perversion of the municipal reform movement to make it purely partisan, and it is the duty of Mr. LAWRENCE to withdraw. Last year showed that a union of honest men to secure municipal administration without regard to party could carry the city. Let those honest men prove it again by the election of Mr. HAVEMEYER.

GEORGIA GREELEYISM.

WE have constantly sought to show those Republicans who have supported the coalition in good faith what its real spirit is. And this has been apparent in the politics of Georgia, the chief Democratic Southern State. We have described the manner in which the proposal of the "Liberal" Republicans for a representation upon the electoral ticket was haughtily refused, and we have quoted from Democratic speeches and papers to show how entirely unchanged the feeling and purpose of that party are. If "reconciliation" requires that such a spirit as we constantly find in the most characteristic expressions of that party shall control the government, the loyal country will postpone reconciliation indefinitely.

As the election is now at hand, we wish to call the attention of all honest "Liberal" Republicans, and of all those who propose that this country shall go forward and not backward, to a few extracts from the speech of Mr. JULIAN HARTRIDGE, a GREELEY elector at large in Georgia. The speech was recently made in Savannah, and declared that the wish of Georgia was peace, and release from Republican rule, the horrors of which he described. The tone of the speech may be inferred from the passages that follow. The italics are in the report.

"The time was when the tocsin of war resounded throughout the land, and Georgians hurried to the bloody battle-fields to maintain their rights.

* * * * * * *

"He would appeal to Georgians, as men who loved their State and had to live in this Union, to rally to the support of the principles of the Democracy of Georgia as the only means by which they could work out their salvation. He spoke to the Democrats of Georgia as a Georgian. Your State has rights, and under these principles established you will enjoy them. He spoke to none others than to Georgians; he had no appeal to make to men from other States and other soils who have come down among us to ravish our liberties and steal our substance. [Applause.] He had no appeal to make to the worst class of these people, the native traitors [applause], who had linked their fortunes to the enemies of their country; he had no appeal to make to them: they were beneath conviction and contempt. [Applause.] But he did speak to those who felt as he felt—those who have borne for the past seven years all the oppression and outrage inflicted by tyranny and military despotism, and have seen their State despoiled by traitors and aliens.

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"He invited all to stand upon the true principles of the Democratic party in voting for these candidates. What are the principles, what the platform, adopted by the Democracy of Georgia? It is a platform upon which every man can stand. It is this, 'That we reaffirm the principles of '78 and '79, as handed down by MADISON and JEFFERSON.' No Democrat could object to this. This resolution was drafted by the Straight Democrat who has now passed away, one of two gifted brothers whom Georgia has so long honored, and who have in the past labored so in her behalf. [Applause.]

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"What has happened? I believe firmly in that God who wills that States and communities shall have their rights, and that He in this instance has pointed out a path of safety. It is almost miraculous. The enemies who had fought Democracy for over a quarter of a century had become reconciled—more, their very leader, par excellence, leading this movement, had not asked the Democrats to come to them, but they have come to the Democrats upon these principles and platform. [Applause.] The Democrats never went to them; they never sold out; they never lowered their colors.

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"It is said, however, that there are some things in the platform repugnant to Southern nature. Suppose we look this matter squarely in the face. What is that which gives such offense? We will see: 'We remember with gratitude the heroism and sacrifice of the soldiers and sailors of the republic, and no act of ours shall ever detract from their justly earned fame, or the full reward of their patriotism.'

"Some of our friends say they can not support such a platform, as it would bring disgrace upon our Confederate dead. This, however, was nothing but a piece of sentimentality to please the North. Think you, because you vote upon this platform, you cast reproach upon your Confederate dead? Go back four years, when the Democratic party was in the field. Georgia gave 30,000 majority for a platform represented by SEYMOUR and BLAIR. [Applause.] What was that platform? We will see.

"The speaker here read one of the sections of the Democratic platform of 1868, acknowledging the services of the Federal soldiers, only in stronger language than the other. Yet Georgia gave it 30,000 majority. No platform ever conceived could cast a shadow of shame upon *our* dead. [Immense applause.] Did the Georgians who voted for SEYMOUR and BLAIR im-

agine they were casting reproaches upon these dead soldiers on account of that section in the platform? They voted then for the fundamental principles contained in the platform, leaving this sentimentality alone. This is all they are asked to do now.

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"We have not given up a principle; we have marked out nothing in the future that does not teach true Democratic principle. We should care nothing for names.

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"When he saw men who braved the dangers of the battle-field in our cause, statesmen who have ed us in the past, taking this path, he thought he could safely follow. When he went to Virginia and saw our dead; *when he looked upon the grave of* him whose name may be pronounced in a single *syllable, and yet fills volumes*; when he looked upon the resting-place of the *immortal Lee* [thundering applause], which will ever be the *Mecca of the South*, he felt this influence coming even from the dead. When he found *Johnston* [loud applause], that modest Christian soldier, in the same line; that gallant son of Kentucky, *Breckinridge*; when he heard in the mountains of Georgia a voice that had resounded above the turmoil of battle, our own *Gordon* [*deafening applause*]; and he saw him who, whatever his faults, when in chains, in prison, only remembered he was representative of his people—when he found *Jefferson Davis* [*enthusiastic applause*] raising his voice in the cause of reform; when such men lead, we can follow without dishonor. Let us as Georgians forget all prejudices, and if we succeed, as he firmly believed we would, then Georgia will stand erect and in her proud position among the States. It will then be a proud recollection that her sons have placed her there. *In the hour of trouble let no son prove faithless*, but as a unit let us work for the elevation of true Democratic principles by the election of GREELEY and BROWN. [Loud and prolonged applause.]"

This is the old and familiar strain. Does it show a vindictive and hateful spirit to wish that those who feel what this speech expresses should not control the government? If the only condition upon which Mr. HARTRIDGE and his friends propose to be "reconciled" is the assent of those who do not cheer the memory of LEE and the name of DAVIS to a policy prescribed by those who do, Mr. HARTRIDGE and his friends will continue to be unreconciled. And do honest "Liberal" Republicans believe that by a coalition with Mr. HARTRIDGE and his friends against men like Judge HOAR and General GARFIELD, for instance, they are promoting the true welfare of this country?

THE "ONE-TERM" PANACEA.

THE Springfield *Republican* says that there are three ways in which to reform the civil service. The first is to abolish half of the offices, and fill most of the rest by election; the second is to elect to Congress only honest men who will be independent of patronage; and the third is one term for the Presidency. We presume it means that either one of these would be alone adequate to the reform, and it says that if the country really wishes such a reform it will elect HORACE GREELEY. The *Republican* forgets to add, however, that Mr. GREELEY has adopted as his own, in his most elaborate and carefully prepared speech of the campaign, the fatal Jacksonian doctrine, from which springs the necessity of reform, that to the victor belong the spoils. The election of Mr. GREELEY would no more promote a reform in the civil service of the nation than that of Mr. KERNAN would promote it in the State. The Springfield *Republican* perhaps considers the Democratic party a purifying political agent.

But the proposition of one Presidential term as a remedy for the abuse of patronage is simply futile. It assumes what is not true, and when the assumption fails the conclusion falls. It assumes that re-election is the only motive to a prostitution of the appointing power. This, indeed, is the declaration of Mr. GREELEY in his letter to Mr. SCHURZ. He says in effect that he would be President for one term only, and consequently that he would have no inducement to appoint unfit officers. On the contrary, the very fact that a man could be President but for a single term would inspire him to signalize his administration by some great policy, some measure or measures to be identified with his name, and to use his patronage to carry it.

The argument for the single term is that a President can not resist the temptation of prostituting his patronage to secure his own re-election. Upon what ground, then, is it supposed that he would resist the temptation to prostitute it to secure his favorite measures, especially as there would be no subsequent appeal to the people? If a President is believed to have abused the appointing power, it is, as we see in this campaign, the chief argument of his opponents. But the single term removes from his mind all fear of subsequent censure at the polls, and leaves him free, if he chooses, to abuse his power in the most wanton way, short of actual illegality and impeachment. Indeed, one of the bitterest counts in Mr. SUMNER'S indictment of the President is this very charge, that to carry his San Domingo policy he prostituted the appointing power. Mr. SUMNER is of opinion that he knows the exact price paid for certain Senatorial votes. How does the single-term nostrum remedy this abuse? It does not remedy it. It increases it enormously.

Again, does any student of our political history suppose that General JACKSON'S patronage in the second term was not as carefully used to secure the nomination of Mr. VAN BUREN as in his first term to secure his own renomination? And under the single term who does not see that the use of the patronage for the successor would be a subject of bargain upon which the nomination would depend? Indeed, there was never political quackery more evident than in this one-term suggestion. It might bind the nation to its most serious harm, as it would have done in '64; and it necessarily does not relieve the President from the Congressional pressure which is so large a part of the present evil. The whole subject, however, is now fairly before the country, and the Republican platform pledges the party to the reform.

THE OLD STORY.

THE real and the natural feeling of the dominant party in many parts of the Southern States ought to be understood, and we have sought to show our readers just what it is. The statesmanship of sentimental ignorance and willful falsehood will not promote the welfare of the country.

The New Orleans *Weekly Picayune*, commenting upon the career of Mr. SEWARD, speaks of the beginning of the rebellion. It calls the refusal of a part of the people to acquiesce in the results of a constitutional election in which they had taken part, and the honesty and validity of which they did not question, a "difference." This is the way in which it describes the situation after Mr LINCOLN'S election:

"Nothing was easier, and nothing more natural among confederates who differ as to the principles or administration of their agreement, to refer it back to the party who created it for their joint consideration, to obtain an amicable adjustment. Mr. SEWARD opposed this and all other propositions for a peaceful solution of the difficulties between the Northern and Southern States."

Here the old Southern story is repeated as unconditionally as the right of secession was by Mr. GREELEY in his Pittsburg speech. And we ask, again, whether that is the doctrine of the government which the people propose to approve by the election of Mr. GREELEY?

And at the close of its article the *Picayune* says:

"The future has yet to test the wisdom or folly of Mr. SEWARD'S statesmanship. Nothing is now settled. Every thing looks to change—to change the existing despotism back to a free constitutional government, and save ourselves from the cruel money oligarchy which holds our destiny by the throat; or to change on and on to the despotic rule of the sword, like imperial Rome—to change no more."

Those who hold such opinions are neither disfranchised nor punished by the Republican party. They are under precisely the same national laws with the rest of us. Their feeling is natural enough, and excites no vindictive desire of retaliation in loyal hearts. But why should intelligent men, unless they have lost their wits, invite those who hold such views and cherish such feelings to control the government?

MR. SEWARD'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

THE long and affectionate friendship between Mr. SEWARD and Mr. THURLOW WEED is well known. No statesman had ever a more disinterested counselor, and the relations between them were never interrupted. How intimate the companionship was is shown in the following letter, for a copy of which we are indebted to Mr. WEED:

"WESTFIELD, CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY, *Sunday, March* 26, 1837.

"MY DEAR WEED,—I have yours of the 19th. It was written in answer to mine of the date of a fortnight since.

"Frederick was very ill, and was much reduced, but, thanks to the mercy of God, is spared to us. You can have no conception how much my heart is bound up in the life of that blessed boy.

"I have to-day, not without fear and trembling, but I trust in sincerity and firmness of purpose, discharged a duty unknown before. For years past I have struggled against prejudices of early education which rendered religion a mystery, and yet carried about me a conviction that it was in reality a simple and beautiful system, the profession and practice of which were obvious duties. After what, I trust, has been a proper self-examination, I presented myself this morning for baptism, and was received into the visible Church, and for the first time enjoyed the Communion Supper. I mention this fact, which will be inharmonious with your daily thoughts and occupations, because it is an important event in my life, and one which, therefore, it is best you should know directly from me, instead of hearing it by report. If, in one of those seasons (which seldom occur) when you are alone and free from the pressure of immediate care, you remember this circumstance, your intimate knowledge of my recent experience of human events will, I doubt not, enable you to trace the causes and manner of my becoming more serious than heretofore in regard to religion. If that or other course of thought should lead you to the conviction that what I have done is an obvious and proper duty devolved upon yourself as well as me and all others, it would be a source of great happiness to me. You will not be likely to fall into the error into which others will in respect to myself. But I may as well be explicit with you. I profess not to have experienced any miraculous change of heart, or to have in any way gone through that ordeal of despair so commonly supposed to be the entrance, and the only entrance, upon Christian life. I have always been sensible that I was an offender, and a grievous one, against the duty I owed to God and my fellowmen. I have endeavored now to repent, and resolve, with God's grace, to live more in the fear of and under the influence of love and gratitude to God, and to that end to study His revelation. I do not anticipate that it will make any considerable change in my habits of life, but I humbly trust that it will gradually elevate and refine my motives of action.

"Commend my love to Mrs. Weed and Harriet.

"Ever yours, WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

PERSONAL.

IN the disorder and revolt excited by the Jesuits at the House of Refuge a convict killed one of the keepers. The Roman Catholic counsel for the defense, at the trial, asserted that "Catholic boys," if deprived of their spiritual rights, "might kill not only one, but all their keepers." The Jesuit, Rev. J. RENAUD, said that Romish parents were more anxious to keep their children from the House of Refuge than from bad company and crime. The object of the Jesuits is to gain the control of a Protestant institution.

—The late WILLIAM H. SEWARD left an estate valued, as we learn on undoubted authority, at about four hundred thousand dollars. His will is a clear, succinct document, written in his own hand, and free from legal technicalities. The homestead at Auburn, and contents, he leaves to his three sons, by one or more of whom it will be occupied and preserved intact. His other property, real and personal, he divides into four equal shares—a share each for his sons, AUGUSTUS, FREDERICK, and WILLIAM, and his adopted daughter, OLIVE RISLEY SEWARD, the last two named being deputed to execute this provision of the will. No other legacies or bequests are made.

—Vice-President COLFAX has disappointed the expectations of the calculating Liberals, who predicted that he would take no part in the active duties of the campaign. As soon as the convalescence of his wife permitted him to leave home he seized the opportunity to address Republican mass-meetings in different parts of Indiana, and contributed largely to the result of the October election in that State. During the remainder of the canvass he will devote his whole time to active service in Michigan and Indiana on behalf of GRANT and WILSON and the party with which he has been so long and so honorably identified.

—One of the most acceptable lecturers of the day is the Rev. W. H. MILBURN, the "blind man eloquent," who never fails to charm, instruct, and amuse his audience. He is a great traveler as well as a fine speaker, and to listen to his story of what a "blind man saw" in England, Paris, and California is a rare intellectual treat.

—TENNYSON'S new poem, "Gareth and Lynette," just published by OSGOOD & Co., concludes the magnificent series of Arthurian poems which, under the title of *The Idyls of the King*, form an epical romance. "Gareth and Lynette" follows the "Coming of Arthur," and "The Last Tournament" precedes "Guinevere." The new idyl is in every respect worthy of those which have preceded it, and will be read with intense interest.

—The Pope's elder brother, Count JOSEPH MASTAI FERRETTI, who recently died at over ninety, didn't get on very well with the Pope—too liberal. He lived in great seclusion on his small patrimony. His dislike to priests was a matter of notoriety, and just as Mrs. MOHAMMED declined to believe in her husband's infallibility, so did the count disbelieve in that of his brother. The family dates its origin from a Venetian manufacturer who settled in Ancona in the sixteenth century, and acquired a fortune, which his descendants increased by an alliance with the powerful family of the FERRETTIS.

—The Paris *Figaro* has attempted to lower GAMBETTA in the eyes of his countrymen. It has discovered that the "Young Dictator" is of German origin. His grandfather, says the *Figaro*, was named GEMPERLE. He came to France in the time of NAPOLEON I., and married an Italian Jewess. Upon that occasion he changed his name to GAMBETTA, who is, nevertheless, a true Frenchman.

—Prince GORTSCHAKOFF'S official organ, the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, rejoices in a circulation of four hundred and fifty copies, all told. As an advertising medium for our pill and liniment vendors it would probably be deemed too thin.

—General SIMON CAMERON and wife celebrated on the 17th ult. their golden wedding. At two o'clock a stream of visitors poured into the spacious halls of the happy couple. Old and young, rich and poor, were alike made welcome and happy. General CAMERON is one of the most remarkable men Pennsylvania has produced. Left an orphan at the age of nine, he educated himself in "the people's college," the printing-office, and for many years, in Harrisburg and Washington city, worked at his trade. Afterward he became an editor, and subsequently a banker. His political career commenced with his election to the United States Senate in 1845, since which time he may be said to have been the representative man of Pennsylvania—certainly her most successful politician.

—The Hon. JUSTIN S. MORRILL, just re-elected to the United States Senate from Vermont for six years from the 4th of March next, has been continually in Congress for eighteen years, twelve of which were in the Lower House. He is a very industrious man, a very ready man, and a very witty man, and has great personal popularity with members of both political parties.

—Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH is endeavoring to raise a sum sufficient for a testimonial to the celebrated artist CRUIKSHANK for his philanthropic aid to the temperance cause in England. He has subscribed $500 himself.

—Prince NAPOLEON has instituted legal proceedings to test the legality of his recent forced expulsion from France. He has appealed to the Procureur-Général for redress against the Minister of the Interior, chief of police, and others who assisted in running him out of the country. He claims that, being a citizen of the republic, the manœuvre was not only impolite, but illegal.

—Mrs. Père HYACINTHE is represented as being quite pleasant to behold. Lately she appeared in a rather tightly fitting riding-habit, which allows the form to be seen, and but for a rather heavy cross suspended from her neck, she would seem to be rather mundane—that is, round.

—A fresh and first-class national reputation has been made at Geneva by one of our arbitrators, Mr. MORRISON R. WAITE, of Toledo, Ohio. He is a son of the late Chief Justice WAITE, of Connecticut, and graduated at Yale with Mr. EVARTS in 1837. He has long occupied a prominent position at the bar of Northern Ohio, and was selected through Mr. EVARTS'S influence. It is said that equally with his very able colleagues he impressed himself upon the members of the commission. All the arguments before the tribunal were made in French, Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN speaking it best. His mother was French.

—At the funeral of "Fanny Fern," at Mount Auburn, only five or six persons were present, so private were the last sad rites performed. On the casket was a wreath of choice flowers; but more conspicuous than these, and most appropriate, was a large bouquet of autumn flowers and *ferns*.

—Sir ROUNDELL PALMER has, it is said, declined to receive the fee of $150,000 tendered to him by the British government for his services at Geneva. That custom does not prevail in this country.

—It is gratifying to know that there are good prospects for the recovery of Professor STOWE, husband of Mrs. BEECHER STOWE, who was recently stricken with paralysis at the house of his daughter, Mrs. ALLEN, at Amherst, Massachusetts. He is now at the Orient Springs Health Institute.

—Judge THOMPSON, who originally surveyed the site of Chicago, died recently at Preston, Illinois. Rather than take town lots for his services he took a few dollars.

—EDMUND WINSTON HENRY, the youngest and last of the sons of PATRICK HENRY, died on the 11th ult. in Charlotte County, Virginia, aged seventy-nine.

—Senator SUMNER has paid a visit to M. GAMBETTA, who in some respects may be regarded as the SUMNER of French politics. He expressed the warmest sympathy for the French republic, but regretted that France had no sincere religion.

—MIDHAT PASHA, the new Turkish Grand Vizier, is an astonishing functionary. Wouldn't do for New York at all. Has reduced his own salary from ninety thousand to seventeen thousand francs a month.

—It has been ferreted out by a Berlin Jenkins that BISMARCK smokes daily nine twenty-cent cigars, and drinks about four dollars' worth of beer and wine. His annual bill at the tailor's is about $600. Such is life!

—The most eminent pulpit orator of the Church of England, just at the moment, is Canon LIDDON, of St. Paul's Cathedral. Recently he has been preaching a course of sermons at 3.15 P.M. on Sundays, and the crowds to hear him fill all the seats and all the standing room in that great edifice. There is probably no preacher in England who uniformly attracts so large audiences. In stature he is rather under the middle height, dark-complexioned, hair jet-black, and features regular and handsome. He reads his sermons, but is very free from his manuscript, so much so as to seem to have none. He scarcely gestures with either hand, but throws his body back and forward, to the right and left, and often at an intermediate angle, with impetuous action. It seems as if his body were in a sling, and his head the point of concentrated force from which the thoughts and arguments are projected with immense power. He has a high, far-reaching tenor voice, very sympathetic and pleasing, and combines in a remarkable degree culture and intellectual force.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRESIDENT GRANT has authorized the Secretary of State to affix the seal of the United States to the postal treaty between this country and Switzerland.

The Alsacians who can not consent to live under the German government are flocking to this country by thousands. It is said that two hundred families will settle in Virginia.

The horse plague, which broke out recently in Canada, has reached the States, and is spreading rapidly throughout the country. In this city a large number of animals have been stricken with the malady, and the gravest fears are entertained of the result.

A terrible railroad collision took place October 22 on the Eastern Railroad at the Seabrook station, sixteen miles from Portsmouth, New Hampshire. A switch having been neglected, a passenger train running at the rate of twenty miles an hour ran into a stationary freight train, killing one man and wounding twenty others.

Mayor Hall's trial for misconduct in office began unexpectedly in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, October 23, before Judge Brady. William M. Tweed appeared and gave bail in the sum of $5000 for each of the several indictments recently found against him by the Grand Jury. Thomas C. Fields did not appear for trial when called, and his bail was declared forfeited.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MINISTER BANCROFT telegraphs from Berlin that the Emperor William, as arbitrator, has decided that the claim of the United States of America, in relation to the San Juan boundary question, is most in accordance with the true interpretation of the treaty of 1846. The decision is not accepted with favor by the English press. The London *Times* and *Post* contain some severe comments upon it; the *Telegraph* and *News* reserve their decision; and the *Standard* is silent on the subject.

The Attorney-General of Great Britain, Sir John Duke Coleridge, in a public address at Exeter the other evening, said, in alluding to the Geneva arbitration, that "England had got well out of a bad business."

Rev. Henry Merle d'Aubigné, the renowned historian of the Reformation, died suddenly at Geneva, Switzerland, on the 21st ult. Sir T. J. Cochrane, admiral of the British fleet, died on the same day.

The Australian line of telegraph has been completed through to Melbourne, and the first dispatch therefrom reached London October 22.

The German budget was presented before the Diet October 21. The receipts from all sources for 1873 are $154,856,456, and the total expenditures the same. The revenue of next year is expected to exceed that of the present by $19,000,000.

A discovery is officially reported to have been made of a conspiracy in the Caucasus to throw off the dominion of Russia in that province. A general rising of the tribes was intended, but the leaders have been caught and imprisoned, and quiet now prevails.

Roussel, another prominent Communist, has been convicted by a court-martial, and sentenced to death.

Two illustrious Frenchmen died on the 24th ult., M. Théophile Gautier, the poet, novelist, and critic, and M. Jaques Babinet, the celebrated physicist.

President Thiers has prohibited the sale of caricatures of the ex-Emperor Napoleon and his family.

The Spanish Cortes, by a vote of 99 against 58, have rejected the resolution providing for the abolition of capital punishment for political offenses.

In several Spanish provinces meetings have lately been held, at which resolutions were adopted demanding the abolition of the system of army conscription.

W. F. HAVEMEYER.

THE Hon. WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, whom the Republicans of this city have nominated for Mayor, is a gentleman of sterling worth, capacity, and experience. He has already been twice elected to fill this position, and won the confidence and respect of all parties by an able and honest administration of municipal affairs. Mr. HAVEMEYER'S nomination has been cordially indorsed by the United Reform Associations of New York. He has not heretofore acted with the Republican party, but he has been active in the reform crusade against the Ring; and, as the chairman stated in his letter informing Mr. HAVEMEYER of his nomination, "The Republicans of this city desire to give their support to the cause of reform, and they believe that they can do this most efficiently by casting their sixty thousand votes for the man whom public sentiment has so unmistakably selected as the exponent of reform." Mr. HAVEMEYER accepted the nomination in the spirit in which it was offered, saying, in reply to the foregoing:

"It is rare in our political history that so great and influential an organization is found willing to subordinate its distinctive characteristics, and merge itself, for the occasion, with the patriotic citizens of all political sentiments in efforts to elevate and purify our municipal government, and to remove from place and power those who have dishonored it. ....If placed in the chair of the Mayoralty, my best efforts will be directed to give effect to these views, and to add to the material greatness and prosperity of our city the reputation of a just and honorable government."

Mr. HAVEMEYER is one of our most substantial business men, and deeply interested in the prosperity of the city and the purity of municipal administration.

GERMANS FOR GRANT.

A LARGE and enthusiastic National Convention of Germans was held on the 24th ult. at the Teutonia Assembly-Rooms in this city, under the auspices of the "German-American Progressive" and the "German-American United" associations, to manifest their confidence in the Republican party and its trusted leaders. Delegates from twenty-four States were present, representing large and influential bodies of German citizens.

We give on this page portraits of two of the leading members of this important convention—Dr. S. EHRENBERG, temporary chairman, and president of the "German-American Progressive Association of the United States," and Mr. M. MANDL, president of the "German-American United Association of the United States." Dr. EHRENBERG was born at Seesen, in the duchy of Brunswick, Germany. He graduated from the famous college of that little town at an early age, and soon afterward came to this country. Here he followed for some time the profession of journalism, but on the outbreak of the rebellion entered the army, and served until the close of the war. He then returned to Germany to complete his studies at the University of Berlin. On returning to his adopted country he became editor of a German paper in Chicago. The outbreak of the Franco-German war gave him the opportunity to act as correspondent from the German head-quarters for the Chicago *Tribune* and other papers. Since the close of the war he has been an active worker among his countrymen in the United States in the common cause of right and justice. He is an earnest and eloquent speaker, and an influential leader.

Mr. M. MANDL is an Austrian by birth, and a graduate of the High School of Vienna. His associations were with the men who took an active part in the liberal movements of 1848. On emigrating to this country, some years ago, he took an active interest in politics, and was influential in organizing the association of which he is now the president. For this purpose he traveled through every State of the Union. Mr. MANDL is a gentleman of fine presence and good address, and is doing excellent service as a Republican speaker.

In his speech before the convention Mr. MANDL gave an interesting account of the manner in which the Germans as a people had always come to the front in great struggles for religious and civil reform, from the days of LUTHER to the present time. They do not accept the doctrine of papal infallibility, nor do they hesitate to abandon a leader, however trusted he may have been, who abandons principle and conspires with the enemies of true progress, as Senator CARL SCHURZ has discovered to his cost. This gentleman had coolly undertaken to pocket the entire German vote of this country, and carry it into the enemy's camp, but found, too late to remedy his mistake, that those who had once hailed him as a leader whom they delighted to honor declined to follow him when his leadership took the wrong direction.

THE HON. WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, NEW YORK.]

DR. S. EHRENBERG.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOWELL, NEW YORK.]

M. MANDL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY KIHLHOLZ, CHICAGO.]

GRANT, UNION, AND EDUCATION.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

NEVER were the educational interests of our country in such imminent peril as at the present moment, when all the elements of discord and reaction have united for a common aim; nor can it be doubted that in the contest between President GRANT and Mr. GREELEY, between the party of union and that of its opponents of every class, will be determined the most important of all political questions—the fate of popular education in America. For the first time the enemies of public instruction have united in one broad and national coalition. The Romish Church and the Romish press have openly declared their resolution to support Mr. GREELEY, and join with their outcries against the American system of education a fierce denunciation of the Union party and of President GRANT. The Pope has denounced American free schools; his American bishops obey his voice; the Romish priesthood demand the destruction of the American educational institutions, the substitution of the schools controlled by the priests, and from GREELEY and KERNAN they look for an encouragement and support which they can never hope for in the policy of the Republican party. That party is founded upon popular education; is the offspring of the common school. It demands for the nation increase of knowledge and all the opportunities of liberal culture. It seeks to promote that mental equality from which alone can arise a perfect union of all the people, which can alone soften the harsh divisions of society, and teach the common brotherhood of man. But to that clerical faction which has silently grown up among us, and which now aspires to rule through the Democratic party, knowledge has always been odious and dangerous. It aims to restrict and imprison the intellect within its own narrow sphere of cultivation. The school is to be made the instrument of the Papal Church; knowledge is to be shorn of its fair proportions; the worship of MARY and the infallibility of the Pope must be fixed in the minds of the young at the cost of the State; and, unless this can be done, the Romish priesthood would close the public school, and drive out its children to become criminals or paupers.

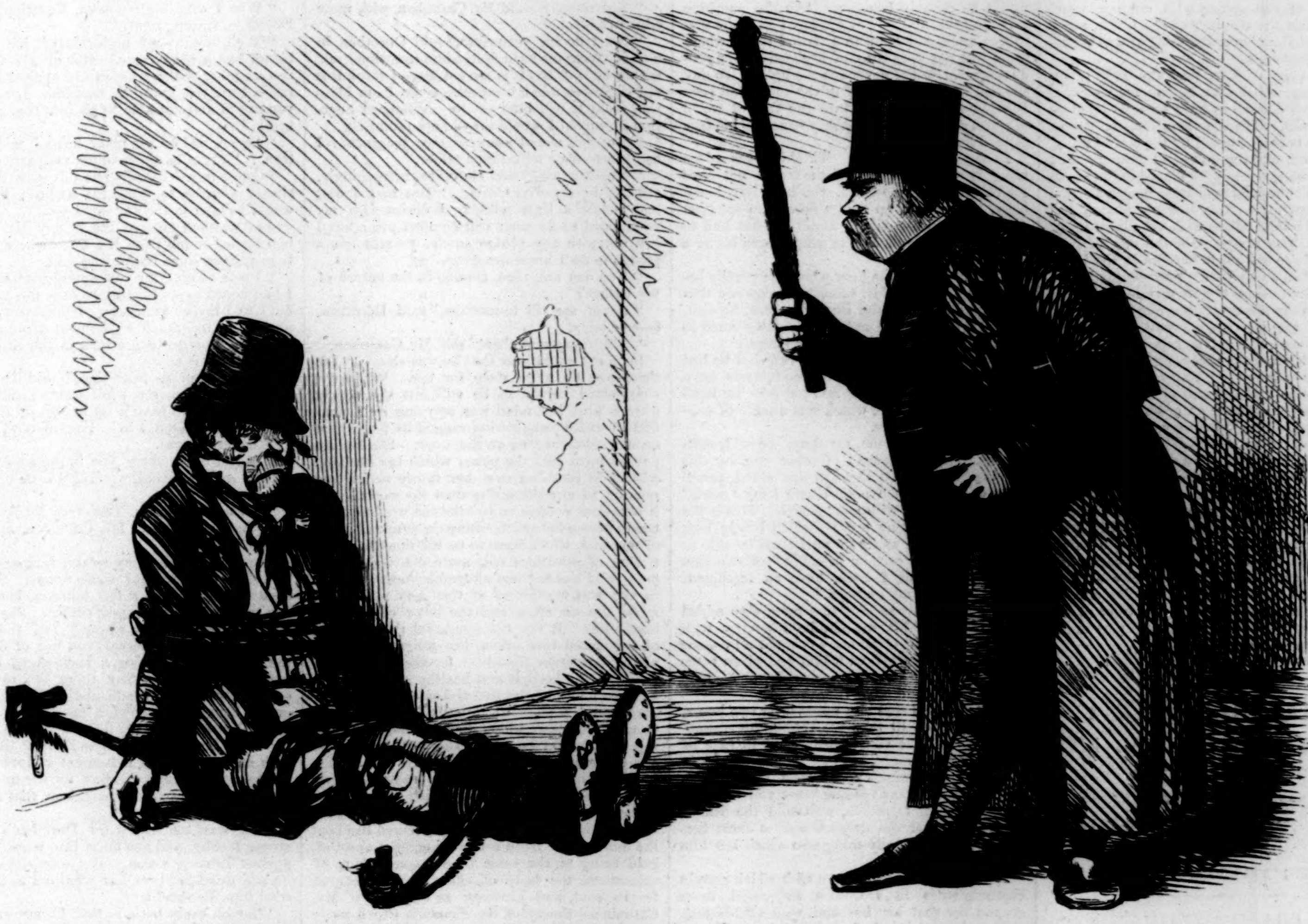
Ignorance and brutal vice, the almshouse and the jail, a moral and mental death, are what the Pope and his obedient bishops would entail upon their people rather than subject them to the light of modern progress and the softening influence of a liberal education. In every country where they have possessed sufficient power they have made this choice. They have preferred to rule over beggars and criminals rather than open the way to cultivated heresy, and boldly defend their faith in the open arena of letters. In Italy the Pope and his bishops have ruled with this single aim for three centuries. In 1541 LOYOLA and CARAFFA extirpated every trace of heretical progress, and for three centuries beggary and ignorance have been the lot of Italy. In a recent census it was found that of the marriageable men and women—so successful have been the arts of popes and bishops—not one-third could write their names; and of the filth, the wretchedness, and the crime of the Italians HAWTHORNE, in his last Note-Book, has left some striking particulars. The Italian brigand and the Roman beggar are only to be paralleled in the Ku-Klux and the poor whites of our Southern States. Yet in Ireland, so important in its influence upon our elections and our morals, the fatal choice of the Romish priesthood has become more plainly evident even than in Italy. Eight centuries have nearly passed over Ireland since the popes destroyed its public schools and colleges, since Franciscan monks and Benedictines taught that to kill an Irishman was no worse than to kill a dog. (Non magis est peccatum interficere hominem Hibernicum quàm unum canem. FORDUN, p. 918.) And over Irishmen Rome has maintained its power by insisting upon retaining them in extraordinary ignorance. The priest drives the children from the public schools with threats of excommunication and sometimes with personal violence. No parent among the poor Irish dares to encounter the maledictions of his Church. Under the terrible rule of their priesthood at home, the Irish Catholics are chained in profound ignorance, and are left to produce the larger part of the criminals and paupers of Ireland and the United States.

Not content with their destructive tyranny at home, the true cause of that lasting inferiority which has held the Irish race in abject bondage to the Norman and the Saxon, the papal priesthood pursue their victims to the New World, and with all the arts of intrigue, of menace, and of political bribery and intimidation, have striven to keep their people ignorant, and to drive them from the public school. Here, too, they have made that fatal choice which has proved the chief source of the degradation of Ireland, Italy, and Spain, of the ruin of France, and the woes of every papal country. To keep their people in barbarous isolation, to hide from them that knowledge which can alone raise them to competence and ease, make them honest citizens and worthy members of a free community, the Romish priests are laboring with destructive assiduity. They have seized upon the Democratic party, and made it the willing instrument of their fatal design. The Democratic leaders join in the crusade against American free schools, and have aided in placing the control of our national system of education in the hands of its enemies. Nowhere is this alarming fact so apparent as in the city of New York. The Board of Education of our city has been given over by our Democratic rulers to the control of the Roman Catholic leaders. The care of the instruction of the children, which should be intrusted only to the wisest and purest of our citizens, has been abandoned to the ignorant and the vicious, and the taint of moral corruption has long been flowing downward unrestrained from the Board of Education to the teachers, from the teachers to the taught. For what can the children learn from the examples of many of the school trustees, or of the higher officials of education in our city, but a contempt for honesty and for the rights of the people? And the result of the Romish rule has been a rapid decline in the numbers of the children taught in the public schools as compared to the growth of the population, the establishment of a large number of Catholic schools supported by the State, and a sudden check to the progress of education among us. And so successful has been the papal crusade against knowledge in the Old and the New World that the last census shows that more than 150,000 persons in the State of New York, nearly all foreign born, are lost in utter ignorance, and that from this class comes the larger part of our criminals and paupers.

From this class of our population the Democratic party, with Mr. KERNAN or Mr. GREELEY at its head, will derive its chief support; over this class the rule of the Romish priesthood is almost supreme. But it is plain that to permit the policy of the Roman Church to rule any longer among us will be to invoke the ruin of republican institutions, and to reduce free and prosperous America almost to the degraded condition of papal Italy, Ireland, or Spain. Let, then, every Irish citizen rise against the political bondage imposed upon him by his priest, and demand for his children the right to become intelligent, industrious, and virtuous freemen.

Like its Democratic allies at the North, the Southern Democracy has pledged itself to the destruction of the common schools. The apparition of the teacher among them was at first received with wonder, then contempt, then a bitter hate; and the story of Mr. HUGGINS, a school superintendent, who first founded, two years ago, the common schools in a district of Mississippi, may serve as an example of the dangers that await the early missionaries of knowledge. The Legislature had passed a general school law, the taxes were assessed, a large number of school-houses built, and the colored population eagerly availed themselves of the opportunities of instruction. But the Ku-Klux were now aroused. One night, as the school superintendent was sleeping at the house of a Mr. Ross, he was awakened by the loud call of the conspirators. He stepped to the window of his room, which was on the ground-floor, and saw that the house was surrounded by a throng of men dressed in white. They sent orders to him to come out to them. He refused. They then threatened to burn the house with the family, among whom were several children, unless he yielded. To save the inmates, he then consented to go out, the Ku-Klux promising that if he did so "not a hair of his head should be injured." He now came down to the garden fence, and found himself surrounded, in the bright moonlight, by more than a hundred mounted men, concealed in long white robes, their heads covered by a mask, with red lines traced around the eyes and mouth. Their language showed that they did not belong to the ignorant class of the people. He soon discovered that they were what were considered the "gentlemen" of the country. They threatened him with death if he remained; they told him that they would not permit the free-school system to exist among them; they said the negroes did not need education, but were only made to work; and they required him to promise to leave the country. When Mr. HUGGINS boldly refused, they dragged him a quarter of a mile down the road, and, notwithstanding their pledge of safety, whipped him until he was insensible. In vain he declared to them that he was a United States officer, that they would become liable to severe punishment. They redoubled his lashes, and, when they left him, probably believed that he must die of his wounds. The same night several negroes were whipped by the same band. The teachers of the free schools were warned that they must leave the country. Education ceased, the school taxes were never paid, and the Ku-Klux continued their nightly rides over the district without fear of danger. No colored man dared to vote the Republican ticket, and a terror almost ludicrous, if it had not been so real, Mr. HUGGINS tells us, filled all the negro population. But our narrator was not the man to leave his own wrongs unavenged. He returned with a band of United States soldiers, and procured the arrest of a large number of the Ku-Klux. They were known; they were covered with the infamy of murders, whippings, and fearful outrages upon the unoffending negroes; but when they were admitted to bail the people of the country gave them an ovation, and the ladies of the neighborhood provided them with delicacies and covered them with attentions. The free schools were broken up, and the Ku-Klux triumphed.

In every part of the South the teacher has met with a similar reception. Murder, whipping, threats, indignities, await him every where. The Congressional reports on the Ku-Klux conspiracy are filled with the interesting yet painful and often shocking adventures of these harbingers of reform. Cultivated ladies, who, urged by a true philanthropy, have essayed to teach the colored people from Mississippi to Florida, have been driven from their schools. The Southern "gentlemen" have spread gross reports against them. Their lives have often been threatened. To kill women and children the Ku-Klux have never hesitated. They spare none in their murderous rage; and it is quite probable that the crimes committed by these Democratic assassins in the South within the past five years upon the innocent and the unoffending have never been equaled in enormity by the Paris Commune or a French revolutionist. In Georgia they have overthrown a lawful government, and established a tyranny ruled by TOOMBS and HILL. They murdered Senator ATKINS, Dr. AYER, RUFFIN, ASHBURN, and a host of colored men. In Texas and Alabama they rule by a similar method; and the first result of the return of the Democratic party to power has always been the ruin of the common schools. Planted by the unfortunate "carpet-bagger," who has won the fiercest obloquy of SCHURZ or GREELEY, TOOMBS and HILL, sustained by the colored people with ardor, and often by



REASONING WITH AN IRISH FREE AND INDEPENDENT.—[FROM "LONDON PUNCH"—DRAWN BY JOHN LEECH.]

PRIEST. "There, ye Rascal! Stop there till ye're convinced to only Vote the way I tell yez; or it's niver Marry or Bury ye that I will!"

the peaceful and industrious whites, the common-school system lives at the South only under the shelter of President Grant and the Union party, and yet has already fixed its mighty wedge into the corrupt strata of Southern society with revolutionary force. The national teacher will meet and defy Toombs, Beauregard, and Davis.

Thus in this unprecedented political contest the friends and the foes of knowledge are distinctly arrayed against each other. On the side of Greeley are gathered all the Romish leaders and all the rebel chiefs. A clerical faction has sprung up among us whose head is in Italy, and which is as eager to check the spread of liberal knowledge as that reactionary party which in Spain, Germany, France, and Italy assails, at the command of the Pope, public order and modern civilization. A desperate minority is laboring at the South to destroy freedom, to revive chivalry and tyranny, and to confirm its power by holding its people in utter ignorance; and on the side of President Grant and the Union party gather all the friends of popular education and of mental progress; every American who would drive from the free soil of his native land European vices and transatlantic barbarism, every German who has brought with him the culture of his national schools; every Irishman who would set free his race from the bitter bondage of ignorance and moral degradation. Nor is it any longer to be doubted that the united assault of the foreign priest and the Southern rebels upon mental progress will be repelled by the general indignation of the people with unprecedented vigor, and that the triumph of the Union party will be as signal and overwhelming as was Vicksburg or Chattanooga.

But in the city of New York the party of reaction has long ruled with destructive violence. Ignorance and fanaticism have brought upon us uncounted evils. The morals of the young generation have been corrupted by the examples of successful and often unpunished crime. The charge of education has been placed in the hands of the least cultivated and least honest portion of the community. The Romish faction has filled all the public offices with its adherents or its leaders. The elections of the city of New York have been guided heretofore in the interests of the Romish Church. The nomination of Mr. Havemeyer—an honest and incorruptible reformer—to the mayoralty promises the end of this rule of the incompetent and the vicious. Let every friend of good morals and of public instruction labor ceaselessly for his election. Let every industrious working-man who would reduce taxation and the rent of his home rally to his support. The election of such a man will give new hope to honest industry, will add to the value of labor, will give to the Protestant portion of the community some share of the government of the city, and redeem in the eyes of the world the dishonored reputation of the metropolis. Then once more in that great era of progressive reform, honesty, and knowledge which is opening upon us under the rule of the Union party, when we trust there will be but one party, and that the party of education, the city of New York, purified from its evil examples and its cloud of shame, will stand in the front of the advancing nation, and take the chief part in the moral training of a continent.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

BOOK V.

THE DEAD HAND.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"Surely the golden hours are turning gray
And dance no more, and vainly strive to run:
I see their white locks streaming in the wind—
Each face is haggard as it looks at me,
Slow turning in the constant clasping round
Storm-driven."

Dorothea's distress when she was leaving the church came chiefly from the perception that Mr. Casaubon was determined not to speak to his cousin, and that Will's presence at church had served to mark more strongly the alienation between them. Will's coming seemed to her quite excusable—nay, she thought it an amiable movement in him toward a reconciliation which she herself had been constantly wishing for. He had probably imagined, as she had, that if Mr. Casaubon and he could meet easily, they would shake hands, and friendly intercourse might return. But now Dorothea felt quite robbed of that hope. Will was banished further than ever, for Mr. Casaubon must have been newly imbittered by this thrusting upon him of a presence which he refused to recognize.

He had not been very well that morning, suffering from some difficulty in breathing, and had not preached in consequence. She was not surprised, therefore, that he was nearly silent at luncheon, still less that he made no allusion to Will Ladislaw. For her own part she felt that she could never again introduce that subject. They usually spent apart the hours between luncheon and dinner on a Sunday: Mr. Casaubon in the library dozing chiefly, and Dorothea in her boudoir, where she was wont to occupy herself with some of her favorite books. There was a little heap of them on the table in the bow-window, of various sorts, from Herodotus, which she was learning to read with Mr. Casaubon, to her old companion Pascal, and Keble's "Christian Year." But to-day she opened one after another, and could read none of them. Every thing seemed dreary: the portents before the birth of Cyrus—Jewish antiquities—oh dear!—devout epigrams—the sacred chime of favorite hymns—all alike were as flat as tunes beaten on wood: even the spring flowers and the grass had a dull shiver in them under the afternoon clouds that hid the sun fitfully; even the sustaining thoughts which had become habits seemed to have in them the weariness of long future days in which she would still live with them for her sole companions. It was another, or rather a fuller, sort of companionship that poor Dorothea was hungering for, and the hunger had grown from the perpetual effort demanded by her married life. She was always trying to be what her husband wished, and never able to repose on his delight in what she was. The thing that she liked, that she spontaneously cared to have, seemed to be always excluded from her life; for if it was only granted, and not shared by her husband, it might as well have been denied. About Will Ladislaw there had been a difference between them from the first, and it had ended, since Mr. Casaubon had so severely repulsed Dorothea's strong feeling about his claims on the family property, by her being convinced that she was in the right and her husband in the wrong, but that she was helpless. This afternoon the helplessness was more wretchedly benumbing than ever: she longed for objects who could be dear to her, and to whom she could be dear. She longed for work which would be directly beneficent, like the sunshine and the rain, and now it appeared that she was to live more and more in a virtual tomb, where there was the apparatus of a ghastly labor producing what would never see the light. To-day she had stood at the door of the tomb and seen Will Ladislaw receding into the distant world of warm activity and fellowship—turning his face toward her as he went.

Books were of no use. Thinking was of no use. It was Sunday, and she could not have the carriage to go to Celia, who had lately had a baby. There was no refuge now from spiritual emptiness and discontent, and Dorothea had to bear her bad mood as she would have borne a headache.

After dinner, at the hour when she usually began to read aloud, Mr. Casaubon proposed that they should go into the library, where, he said, he had ordered a fire and lights. He seemed to have revived, and to be thinking intently.

In the library Dorothea observed that he had newly arranged a row of his note-books on a table, and now he took up and put into her hand a well-known volume, which was a table of contents to all the others.

"You will oblige me, my dear," he said, seating himself, "if, instead of other reading this evening, you will go through this aloud, pencil in hand, and at each point where I say 'mark,' will make a cross with your pencil. This is the first step in a sifting process which I have long had in view, and as we go on I shall be able to indicate to you certain principles of selection whereby you will, I trust, have an intelligent participation in my purpose."

This proposal was only one more sign added to many since his memorable interview with Lydgate that Mr. Casaubon's original reluctance to let Dorothea work with him had given place to the contrary disposition, namely, to demand much interest and labor from her.

After she had read and marked for two hours, he said, "We will take the volume up stairs—and the pencil, if you please—and in case of reading in the night, we can pursue this task. It is not wearisome to you, I trust, Dorothea?"

"I prefer always reading what you like best to hear," said Dorothea, who told the simple truth; for what she dreaded was to exert herself in reading or any thing else which left him as joyless as ever.

It was a proof of the force with which certain characteristics in Dorothea impressed those around her that her husband, with all his jealousy and suspicion, had gathered implicit trust in the integrity of her promises, and her power of devoting herself to her idea of the right and best. Of late he had begun to feel that these qualities were a peculiar possession for himself, and he wanted to engross them.

The reading in the night did come. Dorothea in her young weariness had slept soon and fast: she was awakened by a sense of light, which seemed to her at first like a sudden vision of sunset after she had climbed a steep hill: she opened her eyes, and saw her husband wrapped in his warm gown seating himself in the arm-chair near the fire-place, where the embers were still glowing. He had lit two candles, expecting that Dorothea would awake, but not liking to rouse her by more direct means.

"Are you ill, Edward?" she said, rising immediately.

"I felt some uneasiness in a reclining posture. I will sit here for a time." She threw wood on the fire, wrapped herself up, and said, "You would like me to read to you?"

"You would oblige me greatly by doing so, Dorothea," said Mr. Casaubon, with a shade more meekness than usual in his polite manner. "I am wakeful: my mind is remarkably lucid."

"I fear that the excitement may be too great for you," said Dorothea, remembering Lydgate's cautions.

"No, I am not conscious of undue excitement. Thought is easy." Dorothea dared not insist, and she read for an hour or more on the same plan as she had done in the evening, but getting over the pages with more quickness. Mr. Casaubon's mind was more alert, and he seemed to anticipate what was coming after a very slight verbal indication, saying, "That will do—mark that"—or "Pass on to the next head—I omit the second excursus on Crete." Dorothea was amazed to think of the bird-like speed with which his mind was surveying the ground where it had been creeping for years. At last he said,

"Close the book now, my dear. We will resume our work to-morrow. I have deferred it too long, and would gladly see it completed. But you observe that the principle on which my selection is made is to give adequate and not disproportionate illustration to each of the theses enumerated in my Introduction, as at present sketched. You have perceived that distinctly, Dorothea?"

"Yes," said Dorothea, rather tremulously. She felt sick at heart.

"And now I think that I can take some repose," said Mr. Casaubon. He lay down again, and begged her to put out the lights. When she had lain down too, and there was a darkness only broken by a dull glow on the hearth, he said,

"Before I sleep I have a request to make, Dorothea."

"What is it?" said Dorothea, with dread in her mind.

"It is that you will let me know, deliberately, whether, in case of my death, you will carry out my wishes: whether you will avoid doing what I should deprecate, and apply yourself to do what I should desire."

Dorothea was not taken by surprise: many incidents had been leading her to the conjecture of some intention on her husband's part which might make a new yoke for her. She did not answer immediately.

"You refuse?" said Mr. Casaubon, with more edge in his tone.

"No, I do not yet refuse," said Dorothea, in a clear voice, the need of freedom asserting itself within her; "but it is too solemn—I think it is not right—to make a promise when I am ignorant what it will bind me to. Whatever affection prompted I would do without promising."

"But you would use your own judgment: I ask you to obey mine; you refuse."

"No, dear, no!" said Dorothea, beseechingly, crushed by opposing fears. "But may I wait and reflect a little while? I desire with my whole soul to do what will comfort you; but I can not give any pledge suddenly—still less a pledge to do I know not what."

"You can not, then, confide in the nature of my wishes?"

"Grant me till to-morrow," said Dorothea, beseechingly.

"Till to-morrow, then," said Mr. Casaubon.

Soon she could hear that he was sleeping, but there was no more sleep for her. While she constrained herself to lie still lest she should disturb him, her mind was carrying on a conflict in which imagination ranged its forces first on one side and then on the other. She had no presentiment that the power which her husband wished to establish over her future action had relation to any thing else than his work. But it was clear enough to her that he would expect her to devote herself to sifting those mixed heaps of material, which were to be the doubtful illustration of principles still more doubtful. The poor child had become altogether unbelieving as to the trustworthiness of that Key which had made the ambition and the labor of her husband's life. It was not wonderful that, in spite of her small instruction, her judgment in this matter was truer than his: for she looked with unbiased comparison and healthy sense at probabilities on which he had risked all his egoism. And now she pictured to herself the days and months and years which she must spend in sorting what might be called shattered mummies, and fragments of a tradition which was itself a mosaic, wrought from crushed ruins—sorting them as food for a theory which was already withered in the birth like an elfin child. Doubtless a vigorous error vigorously pursued has kept the embryos of truth a-breathing: the quest of gold being at the same time a questioning of substances, the body of chemistry is prepared for its soul, and Lavoisier is born. But Mr. Casaubon's theory of the elements which made the seed of all tradition was not likely to bruise itself unawares against discoveries: it floated among flexible conjectures no more solid than those etymologies which seemed strong because of likeness in sound, until it was shown that likeness in sound made them impossible: it was a method of interpretation which was not tested by the necessity of forming any thing which had sharper collisions than an elaborate notion of Gog and Magog: it was as free from interruption as a plan for threading the stars together. And Dorothea had so often had to check her weariness and impatience over this questionable riddle-guessing, as it revealed itself to her instead of the fellowship in high knowledge which was to make life worthier! She could understand well enough now why her husband had come to cling to her as possibly the only hope left that his labors would ever take a shape in which they could be given to the world. At first it had seemed that he wished to keep even her aloof from any close knowledge of what he was doing; but gradually the terrible stringency of human need, the prospect of a too speedy death—

And here Dorothea's pity turned from her own future to her husband's past—nay, to his present hard struggle with a lot which had grown out of that past: the lonely labor, the ambition breathing hardly under the pressure of self-distrust; the goal receding, and the heavier limbs; and now at last the sword visibly trembling above him! And had she not wished to marry him that she might help him in his life's labor? But she had thought the work was to be something greater, which she could serve in devoutly for its own sake. Was it right, even to soothe his grief—would it be possible, even if she promised—to work as in a tread-mill fruitlessly?

And yet, could she deny him? Could she say, "I refuse to content this pining hunger?" It would be refusing to do for him dead what she was almost sure to do for him living. If he lived, as Lydgate had said he might, for fifteen years or more, her life would certainly be spent in helping him and obeying him.

Still there was a deep difference between that devotion to the living and that indefinite promise of devotion to the dead. While he lived he could claim nothing that she would not still be free to remonstrate against, and even to refuse. But—the thought passed through her mind more than once, though she could not believe in it—might he not mean to demand something more from her than she had been able to imagine, since he wanted her pledge to carry out his wishes without telling her exactly what they were? No; his heart was bound up in his work only: that was the end for which his failing life was to be eked out by hers.

And now, if she were to say, "No! if you die, I will put no finger to your work," it seemed as if she would be crushing that bruised heart.

For four hours Dorothea lay in this conflict, till she felt ill and bewildered, unable to resolve, praying mutely. Helpless as a child which has sobbed and sought too long, she fell into a late morning sleep, and when she waked Mr. Casaubon was already up. Tantripp told her that he had read prayers, breakfasted, and was in the library.

"I never saw you look so pale, madam," said Tantripp, a solid-figured woman who had been with the sisters at Lausanne.

"Was I ever high-colored, Tantripp?" said Dorothea, smiling faintly.

"Well, not to say high-colored, but with a bloom like a Chiny rose. But always smelling those leather books, what can be expected? Do rest a little this morning, madam. Let me say you are ill and not able to go into that close library."

"Oh no, no! let me make haste," said Dorothea. "Mr. Casaubon wants me particularly."

When she went down she felt sure that she should promise to fulfill his wishes; but that would be later in the day—not yet.

As Dorothea entered the library Mr. Casaubon turned round from the table where he had been placing some books, and said,

"I was waiting for your appearance, my dear. I had hoped to set to work at once this morning, but I find myself under some indisposition, probably from too much excitement yesterday. I am going now to take a turn in the shrubbery, since the air is milder."

"I am glad to hear that," said Dorothea. "Your mind, I feared, was too active last night."

"I would fain have it set at rest on the point I last spoke of, Dorothea. You can now, I hope, give me an answer."

"May I come out to you in the garden presently?" said Dorothea, winning a little breathing space in that way.

"I shall be in the Yew-tree Walk for the next half hour," said Mr. Casaubon, and then he left her.

Dorothea, feeling very weary, rang and asked Tantripp to bring her some wraps. She had been sitting still for a few minutes, but not in any renewal of the former conflict: she simply felt that she was going to say "Yes" to her own doom: she was too weak, too full of dread at the thought of inflicting a keen-edged blow on her husband, to do any thing but to submit completely. She sat still and let Tantripp put on her bonnet and shawl, a passivity which was unusual with her, for she liked to wait on herself.

"God bless you, madam!" said Tantripp, with an irrepressible movement of love toward the beautiful, gentle creature for whom she felt unable to do any thing more, now that she had finished tying the bonnet.

This was too much for Dorothea's highly strung feeling, and she burst into tears, sobbing against Tantripp's arm. But soon she checked herself, dried her eyes, and went out at the glass door into the shrubbery.

"I wish every book in that library was built into a caticom for your master," said Tantripp to Pratt, the butler, finding him in the breakfast-room. She had been at Rome, and visited the antiquities, as we know; and she always declined to call Mr. Casaubon any thing but "your master," when speaking to the other servants.

Pratt laughed. He liked his master very well, but he liked Tantripp better.

When Dorothea was out on the gravel-walks she lingered among the nearer clumps of trees, hesitating, as she had done once before, though from a different cause. Then she had feared lest her effort at fellowship should be unwelcome; now she dreaded going to the spot where she foresaw that she must bind herself to a fellowship from which she shrank. Neither law nor the world's opinion compelled her to this—only her husband's nature and her own compassion, only the ideal, and not the real yoke of marriage. She saw clearly enough the whole situation, yet she was fettered: she could not smite the stricken soul that entreated hers. If that were weakness, Dorothea was weak. But the half hour was passing, and she must not delay longer. When she entered the Yew-tree Walk she could not see her husband; but the walk had bends, and she went, expecting to catch sight of his figure wrapped in a blue cloak, which, with a warm velvet cap, was his outer garment on chill days for the garden. It occurred to her that he might be resting in the summer-house, toward which the path diverged a little. Turning the angle, she could see him seated on the bench close to a stone table. His arms were resting on the table, and his brow was bowed down on them, the blue cloak being dragged forward and screening his face on each side.

"He exhausted himself last night," Dorothea said to herself, thinking at first that he was asleep, and that the summer-house was too damp

a place to rest in. But then she remembered that of late she had seen him take that attitude when she was reading to him, as if he found it easier than any other; and that he would sometimes speak, as well as listen, with his head down in that way. She went into the summer-house and said, "I am come, Edward; I am ready."

He took no notice, and she thought that he must be fast asleep. She laid her hand on his shoulder, and repeated, "I am ready!" Still he was motionless; and with a sudden confused fear she leaned down to him, took off his velvet cap, and leaned her cheek close to his head, crying in a distressed tone,

"Wake, dear, wake! Listen to me. I am come to answer."

But Dorothea never gave her answer.

Later in the day Lydgate was seated by her bedside, and she was talking deliriously, thinking aloud, and recalling what had gone through her mind the night before. She knew him, and called him by his name, but appeared to think it right that she should explain every thing to him; and again and again begged him to explain every thing to her husband.

"Tell him I shall go to him soon: I am ready to promise. Only, thinking about it was so dreadful—it has made me ill. Not very ill. I shall soon be better. Go and tell him."

But the silence in her husband's ear was never more to be broken.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"A task too strong for wizard spells
This squire had brought about:
'Tis easy dropping stones in wells,
But who shall get them out?"

"I WISH to God we could hinder Dorothea from knowing this," said Sir James Chettam, with the little frown on his brow, and an expression of intense disgust about his mouth.

He was standing on the hearth-rug in the library at Lowick Grange, and speaking to Mr. Brooke. It was the day after Mr. Casaubon had been buried, and Dorothea was not yet able to leave her room.

"That would be difficult, you know, Chettam, as she is an executrix, and she likes to go into these things—property, land, that kind of thing. She has her notions, you know," said Mr. Brooke, sticking his eyeglasses on nervously, and exploring the edges of a folded paper which he held in his hand; "and she would like to act—depend upon it, as an executrix Dorothea would want to act. And she was twenty-one last December, you know. I can hinder nothing."

Sir James looked at the carpet for a minute in silence, and then lifting his eyes suddenly, fixed them on Mr. Brooke, saying, "I will tell you what we can do. Until Dorothea is well, all business must be kept from her, and as soon as she is able to be moved she must come to us. Being with Celia and the baby will be the best thing in the world for her, and will pass away the time. And meanwhile you must get rid of Ladislaw: you must send him out of the country." Here Sir James's look of disgust returned in all its intensity.

Mr. Brooke put his hands behind him, walked to the window, and straightened his back with a little shake before he replied.

"That is easily said, Chettam—easily said, you know."

"My dear Sir," persisted Sir James, restraining his indignation within respectful forms, "it was you who brought him here, and you who keep him here—I mean by the occupation you give him."

"Yes, but I can't dismiss him in an instant without assigning reasons, my dear Chettam. Ladislaw has been invaluable, most satisfactory. I consider that I have done this part of the country a service by bringing him—by bringing him, you know." Mr. Brooke ended with a nod, turning round to give it.

"It's a pity this part of the country didn't do without him, that's all I have to say about it. At any rate, as Dorothea's brother-in-law, I feel warranted in objecting strongly to his being kept here by any action on the part of her friends. You admit, I hope, that I have a right to speak about what concerns the dignity of my wife's sister?"

Sir James was getting warm.

"Of course, my dear Chettam, of course. But you and I have different ideas—different—"

"Not about this action of Casaubon's, I should hope," interrupted Sir James. "I say that he has most unfairly compromised Dorothea. I say that there never was a meaner, more ungentlemanly action than this—a codicil of this sort to a will which he made at the time of his marriage with the knowledge and reliance of her family—a positive insult to Dorothea!"

"Well, you know, Casaubon was a little twisted about Ladislaw. Ladislaw has told me the reason—dislike of the bent he took, you know: Ladislaw didn't think much of Casaubon's notions, Thoth and Dagon—that sort of thing: and I fancy that Casaubon didn't like the independent position Ladislaw had taken up. I saw the letters between them, you know. Poor Casaubon was a little buried in books—he didn't know the world."

"It's all very well for Ladislaw to put that color on it," said Sir James. "But I believe Casaubon was only jealous of him on Dorothea's account, and the world will suppose that she gave him some reason; and that is what makes it so abominable—coupling her name with this young fellow's."

"My dear Chettam, it won't lead to any thing, you know," said Mr. Brooke, seating himself and sticking on his eyeglass again. "It's all of a piece with Casaubon's oddity. This paper, now, 'Synoptical Tabulation' and so on, 'for the use of Mrs. Casaubon;' it was locked up in the desk with the will. I suppose he meant Dorothea to publish his researches, eh! and she'll do it, you know; she has gone into his studies uncommonly."

"My dear Sir," said Sir James, impatiently, "that is neither here nor there. The question is, whether you don't see with me the propriety of sending young Ladislaw away?"

"Well, no, not the urgency of the thing. By-and-by, perhaps, it may come round. As to gossip, you know, sending him away won't hinder gossip. People say what they like to say, not what they have chapter and verse for," said Mr. Brooke, becoming acute about the truths that lay on the side of his own wishes. "I might get rid of Ladislaw up to a certain point—take away the *Pioneer* from him, and that sort of thing; but I couldn't send him out of the country if he didn't choose to go—didn't choose, you know."

Mr. Brooke, persisting as quietly as if he were only discussing the nature of last year's weather, and nodding at the end with his usual amenity, was an exasperating form of obstinacy.

"Good God!" said Sir James, with as much passion as he ever showed, "let us get him a post; let us spend money on him. If he could go in the suit of some Colonial Governor! Grampus might take him—and I could write to Fulke about it."

"But Ladislaw won't be shipped off like a head of cattle, my dear fellow; Ladislaw has his ideas. It's my opinion that if he were to part from me to-morrow, you'd only hear the more of him in the country. With his talent for speaking and drawing up documents, there are few men who could come up to him as an agitator—an agitator, you know."

"Agitator!" said Sir James, with bitter emphasis, feeling that the syllables of this word properly repeated were a sufficient exposure of its hatefulness.

"But be reasonable, Chettam. Dorothea, now. As you say, she had better go to Celia as soon as possible. She can stay under your roof, and in the mean time things may come round quietly. Don't let us be firing off our guns in a hurry, you know. Standish will keep our counsel, and the news will be old before it's known. Twenty things may happen to carry off Ladislaw—without my doing any thing, you know."

"Then I am to conclude that you decline to do any thing?"

"Decline, Chettam?—no—I didn't say decline. But I really don't see what I could do. Ladislaw is a gentleman."

"I am glad to hear it!" said Sir James, his irritation making him forget himself a little. "I am sure Casaubon was not."

"Well, it would have been worse if he had made the codicil to hinder her from marrying again at all, you know."

"I don't know that," said Sir James. "It would have been less indelicate."

"One of poor Casaubon's freaks! That attack upset his brain a little. It all goes for nothing. She doesn't *want* to marry Ladislaw."

"But this codicil is framed so as to make every body believe that she did. I don't believe any thing of the sort about Dorothea," said Sir James; then, frowningly, "but I suspect Ladislaw. I tell you frankly, I suspect Ladislaw."

"I couldn't take any immediate action on that ground, Chettam. In fact, if it were possible to pack him off, send him to Norfolk Island—that sort of thing—it would look all the worse for Dorothea to those who knew about it. It would seem as if we distrusted her—distrusted her, you know."

That Mr. Brooke had hit on an undeniable argument did not tend to soothe Sir James. He put out his hand to reach his hat, implying that he did not mean to contend further, and said, still with some heat,

"Well, I can only say that I think Dorothea was sacrificed once because her friends were too careless. I shall do what I can, as her brother, to protect her now."

"You can't do better than get her to Freshitt as soon as possible, Chettam. I approve that plan altogether," said Mr. Brooke, well pleased that he had won the argument. It would have been highly inconvenient to him to part with Ladislaw at that time, when a dissolution might happen any day, and electors were to be convinced of the course by which the interests of the country would be best served. Mr. Brooke sincerely believed that this end could be secured by his own return to Parliament: he offered the forces of his mind honestly to the nation.

CHAPTER L.

"'This Loller here wol prechen us somewhat.'
'Nay by my father's soule! that schal he nat,'
Sayde the Schipman, 'here schal he not preche,
He schal no gospel glosen here ne teche.
We leven all in the gret God,' quod he.
He wolden sowen some diffcultee."

—*Canterbury Tales.*

DOROTHEA had been safe at Freshitt Hall nearly a week before she had asked any dangerous questions. Every morning now she sat with Celia in the prettiest of up-stairs sitting-rooms, opening into a small conservatory—Celia all in white and lavender, like a bunch of mixed violets, watching the remarkable acts of the baby, which were so dubious to her inexperienced mind that all conversation was interrupted by appeals for their interpretation made to the oracular nurse. Dorothea sat by in her widow's dress, with an expression which rather provoked Celia, as being much too sad; for not only was baby quite well, but really when a husband had been so dull and troublesome while he lived, and besides that had—well, well! Sir James, of course, had told Celia every thing, with a strong representation how important it was that Dorothea should not know it sooner than was inevitable.

But Mr. Brooke had been right in predicting that Dorothea would not long remain passive where action had been assigned to her; she knew the purport of her husband's will made at the time of their marriage, and her mind, as soon as she was clearly conscious of her position, was silently occupied with what she ought to do as the owner of Lowick Manor with the patronage of the living attached to it.

One morning when her uncle paid his usual visit, though with an unusual alacrity in his manner, which he accounted for by saying that it was now pretty certain Parliament would be dissolved forthwith, Dorothea said:

"Uncle, it is right now that I should consider who is to have the living at Lowick. After Mr. Tucker had been provided for, I never heard my husband say that he had any clergyman in his mind as a successor to himself. I think I ought to have the keys now and go to Lowick to examine all my husband's papers. There may be something that would throw light on his wishes."

"No hurry, my dear," said Mr. Brooke, quietly. "By-and-by, you know, you can go, if you like. But I cast my eyes over things in the desks and drawers: there was nothing—nothing but deep subjects, you know—besides the will. Every thing can be done by-and-by. As to the living, I have had an application for interest already—I should say rather good. Mr. Tyke has been strongly recommended to me—I had something to do with getting him an appointment before. An apostolic man, I believe—the sort of thing that would suit you, my dear."

"I should like to have fuller knowledge about him, uncle, and judge for myself, if Mr. Casaubon has not left any expression of his wishes. He has perhaps made some addition to his will—there may be some instructions for me," said Dorothea, who had all the while had this conjecture in her mind with relation to her husband's work.

"Nothing about the rectory, my dear—nothing," said Mr. Brooke, rising to go away, and putting out his hand to his nieces; "nor about his researches, you know. Nothing in the will."

Dorothea's lip quivered.

"Come, you must not think of these things yet, my dear. By-and-by, you know."

"I am quite well now, uncle; I wish to exert myself."

"Well, well, we shall see. But I must run away now—I have no end of work now—it's a crisis, a political crisis, you know. And here is Celia and her little man: you are an aunt, you know, now, and I am a sort of grandfather," said Mr. Brooke, with placid hurry, anxious to get away and tell Chettam that it would not be his (Mr. Brooke's) fault if Dorothea insisted on looking into every thing.

Dorothea sank back in her chair when her uncle had left the room, and cast her eyes down meditatively on her crossed hands.

"Look, Dodo! look at him! Did you ever see any thing like that?" said Celia, in her comfortable staccato.

"What, Kitty?" said Dorothea, lifting her eyes rather absently.

"What? why, his upper lip. See how he is drawing it down, as if he meant to make a face. Isn't it wonderful? He may have his little thoughts. I wish nurse were here. Do look at him."

A large tear which had been for some time gathering rolled down Dorothea's cheek as she looked up and tried to smile.

"Don't be sad, Dodo; kiss baby. What are you brooding over so? I am sure you did every thing, and a great deal too much. You should be happy now."

"I wonder if Sir James would drive me to Lowick. I want to look over every thing—to see if there were any words written for me."

"You are not to go till Mr. Lydgate says you may go. And he has not said so yet. (Here you are, nurse: take baby and walk up and down the gallery.) Besides, you have got a wrong notion in your head, as usual, Dodo; I can see that: it vexes me."

"Where am I wrong, Kitty?" said Dorothea, quite meekly. She was almost ready now to think Celia wiser than herself, and was really wondering with some fear what her wrong notion was. Celia felt her advantage, and was determined to use it. None of them knew Dodo as well as she did, or knew how to manage her. Since Celia's baby was born she had had a new sense of her mental solidity and calm wisdom. It seemed clear that where there was a baby things were right enough, and that error, in general, was a mere lack of that central poising force.

"I can see what you are thinking of as well as can be, Dodo," said Celia. "You are wanting to find out if there is any thing uncomfortable for you to do now, only because Mr. Casaubon wished it. As if you had not been uncomfortable enough before! And he doesn't deserve it, and you will find that out. He has behaved very badly. James is as angry with him as can be. And I had better tell you, to prepare you."

"Celia," said Dorothea, entreatingly, "you distress me. Tell me at once what you mean." It glanced through her mind that Mr. Casaubon had left the property away from her—which would not be so very distressing.

"Why, he has made a codicil to his will, to say the property was all to go away from you if you married—I mean—"

"That is of no consequence," said Dorothea, breaking in impetuously.

"But if you married Mr. Ladislaw, not any body else," Celia went on, with persevering quietude. "Of course that is of no consequence in one way—you never *would* marry Mr. Ladislaw; but that only makes it worse of Mr. Casaubon."

The blood rushed to Dorothea's face and neck painfully. But Celia was administering what she thought a sobering dose of fact. It was taking up notions that had done Dodo's health so much harm. So she went on in her neutral tone, as if she had been remarking on baby's robes.

"James says so. He says it is abominable, and not like a gentleman. And there never *was* a better judge than James. It is as if Mr. Casaubon wanted to make people believe that you would wish to marry Mr. Ladislaw, which is ridiculous. Only James says it was to hinder Mr. Ladislaw from wanting to marry you for your money—just as if he ever would think of making you an offer. Mrs. Cadwallader said you might as well marry an Italian with white mice! But I must just go and look at baby," Celia added, without the least change of tone, throwing a light shawl over her, and tripping away.

Dorothea by this time had turned cold again, and now threw herself back helplessly in her chair. She might have compared her experience at that moment to the vague, alarmed consciousness that her life was taking on a new form, that she was undergoing a metamorphosis in which memory would not adjust itself to the stirring of new organs. Every thing was changing its aspect: her husband's conduct, her own duteous feeling toward him, every struggle between them—and yet more, her whole relation to Will Ladislaw. Her world was in a state of convulsive change; the only thing she could say distinctly to herself was that she must wait and think anew. One change terrified her as if it had been a sin; it was a violent shock of repulsion from her departed husband, who had had hidden thoughts, perhaps perverting every thing she said and did. Then again she was conscious of another change, which also made her tremulous: it was a sudden strange yearning of heart toward Will Ladislaw. It had never before entered her mind that he could, under any circumstances, be her lover: conceive the effect of the sudden revelation that another had thought of him in that light—that perhaps he himself had been conscious of such a possibility—and this with the hurrying, crowding vision of unfitting conditions, and questions not soon to be solved.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NEW dish is grape leaves fried in egg batter; it is called a French dish. An exchange remarks: "We can't think of any thing that would be more delicious than fried grape leaves, unless it is a circus poster on toast."

A young man who keeps a collection of locks of hair of his lady friends calls them his hair-breadth escapes.

A loquacious blockhead, after babbling some time to Lord Erskine, observed he was afraid he was obtruding on his lordship's ear. "Oh, not at all," said Erskine; "I have not been listening."

HANDY BOOK-MARKERS—Dirty fingers.

The following notice is posted conspicuously in a newspaper office out West: "Shut the door; and as soon as you have done talking business, serve your mouth in the same way."

Sailors are not necessarily making plum-duff when they are stemming the currents.

Dr. Hall tells the story of a Scotchman who sung most piously the hymn,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,"

and all through the singing was fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution-box.

Never have a wooden leg made of oak, because the oak is apt to produce a-corn.

Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, describes Holland as

"A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature;
A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard."

A well-bred dog generally *bows* to strangers.

A Scotch law lord was seated one day on the hill-side of Bonally with a Scotch shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in what he thought the coldest situation, he observed to him, "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered, "Ay, my loard, but if ye had been a sheep, ye wad have had mair sense."

The stars are called wicked because they sin-till-late.

A school inspector visiting school said, "Now, children, who loves all men?" The question was hardly put before a little girl, not four years old, answered, "All women!"

You don't hear of a policeman being run over—they are never in the way.

An irritable man, who was disappointed in his boots, threatened to eat up the shoe-maker, but compromised by drinking a cobbler.

A Georgia brakeman walking on the track didn't notice an approaching freight train, which struck him, not in a vital part of his body, and knocked him twenty feet into the mud. He landed on his feet, picked up his hat, and in an excited enthusiasm shouted, "Three cheers for Greeley! Another vote saved!"

A man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up his weed for her.

Why is a blunt knife partially ground like a young pickpocket?—Because it is a little sharper.

A judge, pointing with his cane at a prisoner before him, remarked, "There is a great rogue at the end of this stick." The man replied, "At which end, your honor?"

A down East shop-keeper advertises "quart bowls of all sizes for sale, cheap."

At a funeral in New Jersey the other day a friend of the deceased asked permission to make a few remarks. When he got upon his feet he informed the officiating clergyman that it would have made his hair to stand on end to watch the corpse planking shad at a picnic, while it was a well-known fact that "he could shake a livelier leg in the Virginia reel than e'er a man in the whole West Jersey Conference." The farmers then proceeded to the grave.

"THE PIRATES," UNDER FALSE COLORS.—CAN

CAN THEY CAPTURE THE SHIP OF STATE?

THE BOYS IN BLUE FOR GRANT.

How goes the battle, comrade? How has it gone with you
Since we parted last in Dixie, in our faded coats of blue?
Your face is scarred some, Billy; you, too, have lost an arm
In putting down rebellion on Uncle Samuel's farm.

Whew! Those were hot times, comrade, down there 'mid flame and smoke,
Where the cannon's awful thunders the wilderness awoke;
We had a plucky leader, though, and never said we can't,
For we knew that Right and Victory went marching on with Grant.

Again we're in for't, Billy—in for another fight:
With the ballot, not the bullet, we must conquer for the right:
We've the same tried man to lead us, the same foe in the fray,
Though marching not in Union blue to meet the rebel gray.

The Democrats have changed their base by taking a Repub,
And joining with the soreheads to give us boys a rub.
We know their paper general; we knew him through the war—
He proved himself as fickle as the smoke of Grant's cigar.

Well, farewell, comrade! Let us swear to stand by what we've won;
We've seen too many conflicts to have the work undone;
The grand old Union party that backed us through the strife
Has not performed the mission yet that brought it into life.

You may be West, I may be East—where the broad Atlantic rolls—
But we'll charge once more together next November at the polls;
Then we'll show our brave Ulysses, the statesman tried and true,
That he isn't yet forgotten by the boys who marched in blue.

DAVE'S OLD FRIENDS.

Mr. David Dunham came into the village to hunt up his old kith and kin. He was Mr. David Dunham now, with a new suit on and money in his pocket, whereas the thriftless, barefoot youth who had tramped out of town by this road eight years ago, whistling, and with his hands in his pockets, had been recognized all through the village as "Dave," which cognomen expressed in brief his social position and advantages. Yet those who had known the care-free, sunburned lad might have discovered traces of him still in the frank gray eye and easy bearing of the stranger.

This was Main Street up which he was sauntering. It was bordered as of old by a hem of emerald grass, nibbled close by an occasional stray cow or wandering goat. It was speckled breezily with sunshine and shadow from the overarching trees which sheltered the comfortable, well-to-do mansions.

Dave, as I have said, had disappeared down that respectable street years ago with an old straw hat on his head, and whistling a snatch of song. He came back, whistling still, with a new hat, and a few gray hairs streaking the black locks beneath it, and perhaps that was all the difference. He thought so. How could he be signally changed when every thing here was so like what he remembered?

Beyond this, he recollected, was the trading street, a thrifty avenue, with shops little and big, where country wares, plows, brooms, queen's-ware, silk dresses, and ribbons were sold from opposite counters, and trade was varied and brisk; there was the old coffin shop, and the beer-house with the overflowing glass not yet empty on the creaking sign before it. And after a spell of business the little street meandered off in the direction of the sea-shore, and forgot its calling, wandering along the pebbly beach in sight of far-off sails and smoky distances. Down there under the cliffs the old scow used to swing in the shallows—the old scow in which he used to go paddling about with Hannah—Hannah, who never shirked work, and always helped him to bail out. He wanted to see her and "the girls," her prudent elder sisters, who were wont to anathematize her when she came home, barefoot and muddy, with her blue apron full of clams.

David had seen many changes since he lived up in that old red farm-house with the old farmer and his wife, the torment of the girls and the comrade of Hannah. He had wintered up in the pine woods, far up in the solitudes of Maine, floating down with the men on rafts when the spring freshets came. He knew the sap and freedom of primitive life, and once he had been nearly wrecked on the rapids; but he had always remembered the old water-logged craft and the little girl in the check apron—black-eyed, pock-marked, and agile—who had paddled about in it with him. Did such girls ever grow to be women? he wondered. He tried to make a situation in his mind that suited Hannah, but she didn't suit the situation. Impossible to imagine the quaint, willful little thing settled down into the ordinary avocations of women. He must wait—wait till he got to the old farm-house.

The tide was coming in, and there was a familiar smell of salt air and shell-fish all about the place as he approached.

But the old red house was shut up: no smoke issued from the chimney, no sign of life was visible in window or doorway. A lonely ash-tree near the fence turned up its changeling leaves mockingly as of old; a solitary bird, startled by his footsteps, winged its way from the branches.

"*This* does look like change!" muttered Mr. David to himself, eying the weed-grown garden lingeringly. What spell could have fallen on the old busy life that once kept the place astir?

"Must have moved," he concluded, as he went down the hill to the road below.

At that moment the village school broke up, and out burst a cornucopia of youngsters, shouting and flying along the road.

"My lad," said Mr. David, catching at one of the hindmost as he scudded past, "can you tell me where old Farmer Nichols has moved to?"

The boy eyed the stranger with rustic shyness, wriggling himself from the detaining hand. It *was* vexatious to be stopped in that way.

"Guess you haven't been long in these parts," he said, giving his hat a knowing thrust on one side.

"No, not long. Where has the old man gone?"

"To the berrin-ground, I reckon," said the boy, viciously, unable to resist the jest. "Old Sexton Simms 'ill tell you where," he added, looking back as he sped after his comrades.

Old Sexton Simms had been a village institution in David's young days. No change had overtaken him, it seemed. A thin and wrinkled little man, bloodless as a last year's mosquito, he pondered the stranger's face with a wise and sidewise glance, as though studying an illegible inscription.

"Shouldn't 'a knowed ye no more'n the dead," he cried, when Mr. David mentioned his name; "though I *did* think, soon's ever I sot eyes on ye, you must be some one or nuther. The old folks? Oh yes, the old folks is gone, both on 'em: died within six months of each other, over three year ago come next spring. The old place has been in limbo ever since."

"And the girls?"

"Married and settled—leastways Jane and Betsey. Jane's done first-rate—first-rate. She's Squire Johnson's wife, up there in the big house yonder. And Betsey, she always was a sharp one, I thought, but somehow or another her husband isn't a bit forehanded."

"And Hannah?" was on David's lips, but an old customer came in and absorbed the sexton's attention.

David concluded to make his way to Squire Johnson's.

At the moment of coming to this conclusion a few big drops fell ominously from a hot and thunderous sky, but the white house was just in sight, and he made a bee-line for it. The shower increased to a flood, but there was no shelter midway, and he hurried on.

At the gate of the mansion stood a gig, from which a stout lady was at that moment descending dubiously, tucking up her raiment and preparing to make a run for the house. She eyed sharply the stranger standing there under the dripping umbrella.

Mr. David held open the gate. "Jane!" he said, stepping forward and offering the shelter of the umbrella. "I've been eight years coming, but have just arrived in time, you see."

"La!" said the lady, starting back. She still retained the sharp, incisive voice he remembered, surviving over all these years, though the former Jane was vanished utterly, crowded out by a matronly figure in flowing skirts.

David's brown, bearded face bore a boyish smile as he spoke, and perhaps that helped Mrs. Johnson's memory.

She had to accept the umbrella, and consequently the escort; but she hesitated at the doorway, looked down at David's boots, and wiped her own significantly as she glanced at the blazing Brussels that ornamented her parlor.

Mr. David repeated the process patiently: she could not help asking him in. Jane was pious and patronizing—a well-to-do woman. David had been a troublesome lad, to be sure; but then one must let some things pass.

He staid till the shower was over, and the squire came in—a plain little man in gold spectacles—who said, cheerfully, when supper was announced,

"Come along in, do, Mr. Dunham, and take a dish of tea."

The only fault, Jane often declared, that she had to find with Johnson was that he *wasn't* particular in choosing his company.

"And where's Miss Simmons?" he asked, as he sipped his tea.

"Gone over to the Dobsons', and I suppose got caught in the shower."

After supper the two men smoked a pipe together and talked of crops, the weather, and business in general. Jane was no fool, as she often observed. She gathered that David was part owner of a ship-yard, and had built some tidy craft himself. Another time she would not be so particular about the door-mat.

In the midst of the talk and smoke Miss Simmons came floating in in a flutter of muslin and ribbons, breathless, bright, and coquettish. "I just ran over between the drops," she said, shaking out her curls with jeweled fingers.

Miss Simmons was a pretty girl from the city. She had wit, she had wealth, it was said, and she was quite a belle. She played, she sang, she chatted brightly. She smiled on Mr. David, and rattled off his favorite old tunes. It was new to him to have any one shine especially for him, sparkle and warble and plume themselves for him. Miss Simmons's clear voice and high-keyed notes, her tall and graceful figure, her noiseless, easy movements, charmed him. "A splendid girl!" he said to himself; "and how smooth her skin is, whereas Hannah—" Hannah was pock-marked.

Hannah! He steadied his voice and said, "How *is* Hannah?" as if the whole party had been making allusion to her.

Sister Jane colored up. "Don't talk to me about Hannah!" she said.

And they didn't talk. At that moment Miss Simmons struck up a brilliant bravura on the piano, and when it died, like a shower of sky-rockets, Mr. David Dunham took his leave.

The next day he hung about the village, dropping in upon one or another old acquaintance. Finally he stumbled into the brimming household where Betsey presided. Betsey had settled in life, as the sexton said—settled like a building on ill-made ground. She had been trim, she had been sharp, a model woman, with a flavor of crab-apple about her: she had grown slipshod and vinegarish. A devoted mother was Mrs. Betsey Jones, as Jane had piously intimated, querulously satisfied that *she*, at least, was doing her duty, and looking out rainily on the rest of the world, expecting it to share her burdens.

"I never go any where, never!" she said, "or I might have known you were in town. Dear, dear, to think how time does go! Jim"—turning to her eldest, a barefoot, sunburned lad—"I thought you was to run errands for your aunt Hannah this afternoon. It's the only thing to keep 'em out of my way," she added, "and the least Hannah can do."

"Where *is* Hannah?" asked Mr. David at last.

"La! don't you know? Well, to be sure! Why, Hannah always was odd, you know. Jane offered her a good home, and I'm sure *I* had no end of work for her; but she's dreadfully set, is Hannah, and she's—"

"Married?"

"Bless you, no! There's no chance for Hannah now, since she refused Jasper Hendricks; and Jane is mortally offended with her."

"Why?" queried the listener, impatiently.

"Why, she's keeping shop down in the village."

"I guess I'll take a turn down and see her," said Mr. David, abruptly, as Jim sped out of the door, followed by a troop of smaller fry.

"Here you Tim and Joe, come back!" cried the mother. "Hannah's 'mazin' particular and techy, and don't like to see so many on 'em round barefoot."

However, the troop were off, and if Hannah had errands for all those nimble feet, she must have been a busy woman. Jim, hitching up his trowsers and holding on to his shred of a hat, shot down the quiet street, and vanished at the corner where the old pump stood.

"Jim!" called Mr. David, "hold on a bit. I'm coming too."

"Hurry up, then," said Jim. "I've got lots of chores to do, and Aunt Hannah—"

"You like your aunt Hannah, do you, Jim?"

"You may bet your life on that," answered Jim, sententiously. "She's one of the reg'lars, *she* is, tell *you!*" and Jim wound up this pleasing information with a long, low whistle of indefinite applause.

Keeping the boy in sight, Mr. David presently came in front of a quiet, cozy little shop with a great tree before it. In the miniature show-window hung a bright array of ribbons, over which the swaying leaves cast flickering shadows; a pot of geranium with scarlet blossoms glittered against the snowy curtain within. A wholesome, well-swept, cheery-looking place. David did not want any ribbons. He couldn't decorate himself with millinery; but as he looked within the doorway and saw a quiet, shaded sitting-room just back of the shop, and a quiet little figure, in a pink dress and black silk apron, sewing busily, his heart gave a great leap. He wanted to kiss that little woman, who, all unconscious of being seen, threaded her needle and hummed a blithe song to herself.

A beautiful inner picture, as though he were looking through the depths of a camera at some chaste image, ideal, shining, out of his reach altogether. She seemed to him a lady in a dream, apart from the dusty ways of common life. Yet she kept the little shop under the tree.

I do not think Mr. David would have had courage to break the spell that seemed to separate him from his old friend, had not Jim, bursting in, announced his presence.

A quiet little woman, David had said; this did not seem a very quiescent personage, however, this flushed and tremulous somebody, like and yet not like the old Hannah, who came toward him with eloquent eyes and hands outstretched, crying, "Dave!" like a note of old pathetic music.

Ah, that was a welcome! At the moment David thought it cheaply bought with eight years of absence.

Hannah bustled about to get supper: she set out her little round tea-table; she laid the snowy cloth; she spread her little store of dainties; she poured him out a fragrant cup of tea; she hovered about him like a fluttered bird, chirping, joyous.

"A snug little place, Hannah," said Mr. David at last, speaking out of his fullness of content; "but your sisters feel sore about it; they don't like your living here alone. The fact is, they think you have lowered yourself, and all that. What put it into your head?"

"An angel, perhaps," said Hannah, solemnly, wiping her glowing, tearful eyes, as she looked at him. "David, after father and mother died, and I had fretted away my soul caring for them and trudging about with Betsey's babies, I grew weary and sick—oh, very weary and sick!—and there came to me an inexpressible desire to own myself. I felt a sort of miserable pity for myself, just as I would have felt for any other poor slave with slavery in prospect for life. I longed to keep myself high and pure. I shuddered at the thought of my degradation as a dependent drudge in other people's households."

"And you did not want to marry?" David did not know what imp prompted the words which burned his lips as they dropped from them. He mended them praiseworthily by adding, "Jasper Hendricks, for instance?"

But Hannah answered calmly: "No, David, *that* would not have helped me. So I took the dear little shop, and worked and waited—"

"For what?" said David, bluntly.

Hannah blushed, stooping low over her tea-cup.

"For customers," she said, as Jim came blustering in on one of his innumerable "chores."

That night Mr. David Dunham could not sleep. Hannah's face, her pleasant voice, her sunny little shop, haunted him. Such a woman would be like sunrise in a man's life. But Hannah did not want to marry; Hannah hugged her independence; or she was waiting—waiting, as she had said, for somebody. Somehow Mr. David did not find his way to the little shop where Hannah dwelt in maidenly serenity quite as soon as he had anticipated. He lingered about the village; he took Miss Simmons out for a drive now and then; and one Sunday he responded to Mrs. Johnson's pious interest in him by taking a seat in her pew. It was a hot, sunshiny day, and all the windows of the old meeting-house were open, the big trees waving close to the high, old-fashioned windows, the swallows twittering, the breeze wandering in from the near clover field, just as in old times when Dave sat, in Sunday rig, dozing in the gallery.

Looking about, he saw Hannah seated in the choir in a pretty pink-lined bonnet; her eyes were intent on her note-book; she did not return his glance. At that moment there was a turning about of heads, a rustle up the aisle, and Miss Simmons came sweeping up the centre in her flowing silks.

"A magnificent woman!" Mr. David thought, as he opened the pew door for her. "A tall woman *is* queenly, whereas Hannah always was a little thing." He glanced up toward the rose-lined bonnet in the choir. "I'll speak to her after meeting," he said.

But after meeting Mr. David was the centre of a general hand-shaking; and as they walked out of the meeting-house, and up the leafy street, Miss Simmons's lustrous raiment swept close beside him, and Hannah, walking on the opposite side, did not look at the two, not even when they met face to face at the crossing.

He spent the evening at the squire's. Mrs. Johnson, having done her pious duty for the day, reclined upon a sofa. Miss Simmons was very entertaining; Miss Simmons was very agreeable: somehow it grew to be eleven o'clock—a late hour in the country—and still the visitor lingered.

The two drew near the curtained window. Miss Simmons's perfumed hair swept very near her companion's cheek. It was nearing midnight, the hour of spells. A strange light glowed in Miss Simmons's eye, the red rose on her bosom shone splendidly. It was an alluring vision for a plain lumberman; a luxury of rest stole over him; he felt himself being drawn nearer and nearer this haven of silks and laces and perfume.

"There is a strange illumination in the sky, isn't there?" said the lady, pointing outward with her jeweled finger.

"*You* are illumined," said Mr. David, stupidly.

She laughed coquettishly. "Not quite so ruddily, I trust. See!"

True enough. A sinister bloom, a roseate fever hue, rested redly in the heavens, solemn and portentous. Evidently there must be a fire.

"I'll go down to the gate," said Mr. David, rousing himself, "and see where it is."

How absorbed he had been! The village bells at that moment rang out a wild peal; he could hear the tramp of feet along the road. A lumbering engine from a neighboring town came creaking rustily up the street. The whole place was astir.

"Where is the fire?" he asked of a man running by.

"Dunno. Reckon you'll find out as soon as I do. Heern it was in the little milliner's shop."

David was hatless; he forgot that. David was leaving pleasant company in very abrupt fashion; he forgot that. Fires are very exciting things. He forgot all about Miss Simmons. *She* was safe, whereas—

A dense crowd gathered about the street where the flames were making silent headway. The engine was late, and, little used, was long in getting under way. Meantime buckets of water were being passed from hand to hand. It was slow work—very slow work; the fire was evidently gaining strength, and every wooden building in the neighborhood loomed redly in the blaze, transformed from the white peacefulness of yesterday, angry, incendiary, threatening danger to the whole town. The great tree in front of Hannah's door crackled with fervent heat; door and passage were enveloped in smoke and flame.

"Any one inside?" asked Mr. David, as he saw the rustic faces upturned toward the windows, intent, silent.

"Had her out once," said a man, gruffly, "but she turned and went back like mad. Job Winters is after her now."

"There's some of Jones's youngsters asleep in there, I do believe," said another; "they're always hanging about the place. Shouldn't wonder if they had a hand in this mischief."

David was used to peril; he had been up in the pine woods when the flames girdled them with a fiery belt. What was there in this small village conflagration to make a man turn sick and pale? He pressed his way through the crowd to the doorway.

"'Ware!" cried a voice; and at that moment the great beam over the shop window fell with a crash. There was a cry that the wall was falling, and Job Winters in his fireman's cap appeared amidst the shower of falling timber, and was let down by a rope.

In the confusion Mr. David was dragged, stunned and dizzy, from the centre of danger, and flung out of the way on the other side of the great tree. A dead faint seemed fallen upon him. Presently a sound aroused him—a stir, a

strange excitement among the crowd, a hum almost rising to a huzza.

Beside him under the great tree stood a little woman, her face blackened with smoke, her raiment burned to shreds; by either hand she held a barefoot terrified lad, scarce yet awake from stupefying sleep.

"By the Lord, but you're a brave little woman!" cried Job Winters, singed and smiling. "I thought you buried under the timbers for sure. How ever did you do it?"

"Oh, Job, trust a woman's wit for that. Why, I climbed out through the back-yard, and was scrambling over the fence with the boys when the wall fell. Are you hurt, David?" she asked, taking up a tin cup and sprinkling his face with water. How calm and quiet she was, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that they should be together in trouble!

What had brought Mr. David Dunham down there? He had done nothing to help any body; instead of that he was being helped himself. He felt lame and bruised and humiliated. "Hannah," he said, "oh, Hannah, I thought you were dead!"

"Not I," said Hannah, blithely. "I'm too full of business to think of it. And the fire is getting under, thank God, and the boys are safe. Poor little Jimmy! your shavings and matches for boiling Aunt Hannah's kettle to-morrow had like to have cost you dear."

"But, Hannah, you have lost every thing."

"Hush! don't speak of it now. I have not lost faith in myself."

"But you have in me."

David looked wistfully at the scarred face of the little woman, her shredded garments, her quiet, luminous eyes. She stood in the fading blaze that had consumed all her possessions, shining like an angel.

"Only one thing I will say, Hannah: we are old friends, and old friends may speak their minds to each other, may they not?"

"I suppose so, David; but the boys are drenched through, and if you are able to walk—"

"Just one word, Hannah. Where is the fellow you were waiting for all this time in the little shop?"

A great change passed over Hannah's face. She stood utterly still, as one who has seen a vision. Then she laughed outright.

"David," she said, "he is here under this great tree, half drowned and smudged and smutted. I think he has a scorch on his forehead, where the falling timber grazed it."

"You must make my little wife excuse me to you for leaving so abruptly on the night of the fire," said Mr. David one day, coming upon Miss Simmons at the village store.

"Oh," said she, with a smile, "a fire is *so* exciting! One never knows what may come of it."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ACCORDING to the report of the committee upon the establishment of zoological stations in different parts of the world, as presented at the meeting of the British Association, the zoological station at Naples, under Dr. DOHRN, will be completed and in working order by the beginning of January, 1873. Of this undertaking we have already spoken in our columns, and trust that it will meet the expectations of its disinterested founder. It has already become an institution of international importance, and is receiving gifts of books and money from various sources, although the great body of the expense is supplied by the private means of Dr. DOHRN, who has already laid out nearly $40,000. The object, as heretofore stated, is to furnish to naturalists conveniences for investigating the marine animals of the Gulf of Naples, by supplying comfortable working rooms, fitted up with instruments, books of research, and aquaria, with an ample supply of sea-water, together with all the necessary boats, dredges, and the like. It is announced that some steamship companies are prepared to grant free passage to the naturalists of this establishment, with their goods and collections.

With the station is connected a magnificent aquarium for public exhibition, the receipts from which, it is hoped, will do much toward meeting the current expenses. Dr. DOHRN proposes, as a new method of securing an income, to offer to different scientific bodies working tables in the laboratory of the station, for a certain annual sum. This will confer upon the body subscribing the right to appoint a naturalist, who, on presenting the proper certificate, will be furnished with a table and full participation in all the advantages of the building. In addition to the necessary personnel, several zoologists will be attached permanently, and will receive a regular salary from Dr. DOHRN. The present plan contemplates provision for about twelve tables, to be properly fitted up for use.

Mr. GWYN JEFFREYS has lately presented to the British Association a comparative estimate of the mollusca of Europe and of Massachusetts, basing this upon the results of his visit to the United States during the summer of 1871. For Europe he enumerates about 800 marine, and 200 land and fresh-water species, while for Massachusetts he allows 367 distinct species, together with 40 considered as varieties. Of these 173 are considered as European—namely, 39 land and fresh-water (out of 110), and 134 marine (out of 257). This peculiarity of the distribution of the American mollusca he explains by the suggestion that the land and fresh-water species probably migrated from Europe to Canada through Northern Asia, and that most of the marine species must have passed from the arctic seas, by Davis' Strait current, southward to Cape Cod; and the remainder from the Mediterranean and western coasts of the Atlantic, by the Gulf Stream, in a northerly direction.

The interest excited by the successful opening to exhibition of the great aquarium at Brighton, England, has led to the adoption of measures for a corresponding establishment, although possibly on a smaller scale, at Manchester. The permanent building will be completed and opened some time during next year, and arrangements have already been made for securing and preserving, at once, such marine animals and plants as can only be obtained during the summer season.

Captain MITCHELL, superintendent of the Central Museum, at Madras, died in July last. This gentleman is well known for his labors in regard to the natural history of India, and the zeal with which he entered into correspondence with directors of foreign museums with a view of establishing an exchange of specimens.

It is understood that Dr. SCHWEINFURTH, the eminent German geographer, is about to return to Central Africa, with a view of continuing his explorations, especially in the line of botany. His brother, a merchant at Riga, has contributed a large sum of money, the interest of which is to be used by Dr. SCHWEINFURTH in his present undertaking; the principal afterward to be given to the Polytechnic School at Riga to found a prize to defray the traveling expenses of such explorers in the future as have been students of that establishment.

Nature commends very earnestly the plans of education in science adopted by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and thinks its success is eminently deserved.

Among other interesting incidents connected with the explorations of Dr. HAYDEN's party during the past summer was the ascent by Mr. STEVENSON of the highest of the Three Tetons, a group of mountain peaks in the vicinity of the north fork of the Snake River, and constituting a well-known landmark for a great distance around. The summit was reached with great labor and at imminent peril of life, and the height determined by Mr. STEVENSON, by means of the aneroid barometer, at 13,000 feet, although the topographer of the expedition by triangulation estimated it at 13,400, which is probably more nearly exact. The only previous attempt to ascend the peak by white men was made about thirty years ago, but unsuccessfully; though on reaching the summit Mr. STEVENSON found a pile of stones on the top, supposed to be the work of some Indian.

The three peaks consist of bare rocks, the summit of the range rising about 3000 feet above the snow-clad portion.

The party found a mountain lake, at an altitude of 10,200 feet, covered with ice fifteen feet thick, while the snow in the mountain passes reached a depth of several hundred feet. No mention, however, is made of the existence of actual glaciers. According to Professor BRADLEY, the peaks are composed of granite rock, with seams of trap crossing the sections. The foot-hills are composed of detritus from the peaks, and of tertiary rocks. Outcroppings of the Quebec group were noticed during the ascent. A large number of Alpine plants were collected at different elevations. The ascent was made on the 28th of July.

Much interest has been excited of late in the minds of the public by the alleged discovery of vast numbers of diamonds and precious stones in Arizona, and numerous parties have started for the locality with the intention of availing themselves of the riches thus offered. Professor J. LAWRENCE SMITH, one of our highest authorities on such subjects, informs us that the diamond, in all probability, if found at all, will be of but little commercial importance, but that he is quite prepared to hear of rubies, sapphires, and amethysts of more or less value. He, however, considers the corundum deposits of North Carolina to be as likely to furnish these gems, and possibly of superior quality.

According to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, Professor DAVIDSON, who, it is said, has been making examinations in California for the purpose of determining a suitable site for the location of the great refracting telescope, of twenty-six-inch aperture, now being constructed for the United States government by ALVAN CLARKE & Co., has fixed upon a point, situated about half a mile from Summit station, which is 7042 feet above the sea-level, and the highest point on the Central Pacific Railroad. Castle Peak, seven miles from the summit, was also examined, but its atmosphere was found to be quite hazy, and the ascent to it too difficult to render it a desirable place for permanent occupation.

Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, in a communication read before the British Association, recommends the use of steel wire in deep-sea soundings. The great difficulty in such operations consists in the resistance of the water to the line, which is usually overcome in very deep soundings by employing extremely heavy weights. Beyond a depth of 300 fathoms the ordinary lead ceases to be available, and until very recently the difficulty of bringing up a long line and heavy weight from a considerable depth was so great that it had become the practice to leave the weight behind, simply bringing up a sample of the bottom. Furthermore, when there is great resistance to the line the currents sometimes carry it away to a considerable distance, so that it is difficult to know when the bottom is actually reached. In view of these facts he has lately been experimenting in mid-ocean, at a depth of 2700 fathoms, with a line consisting of a steel wire of No. 22 gauge. This was 0.03 of an inch in diameter, weighed twelve pounds per statute mile, and broke with a weight of 252 pounds. To the end of the wire was attached a piece of hemp cord, which carried the weight, so that the wire did not touch the bottom at all. The wire was wrapped around a wheel. The danger of breakage was considered very slight, especially if by coating the wire with some non-oxidizable material its rusting be prevented.

A new food preparation, under the name of fluid meat, has lately been patented by Mr. DARBY, who anticipates its extensive introduction as an article of consumption. For the purpose, lean meat, finely sliced, is digested with pepsin in water previously acidulated with hydrochloric acid, at a temperature of about 96°, until the whole of the fibrin has disappeared. The liquid is then filtered, so as to separate the particles of fat, cartilage, and other insoluble matters, and after being neutralized by means of carbonate of soda, is evaporated to the consistency of a soft extract. The preparation thus made is slightly bitter, as is generally the case with meat digested with pepsin; but this taste is entirely removed by the addition, in a certain part of the process, of a simple preparation of fresh pancreas. One pound of soluble extract may be obtained from twenty pounds of lean meat, thus concentrating to this extent the nutritious elements of the flesh.

In enumerating the localities stocked with shad during the present season by the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries and the New York and Vermont commissioners, the introduction of 20,000 young shad into Onondaga Lake by Mr. SETH GREEN must not be forgotten. Time will determine whether these fish will remain in this lake, or run down through the Oswego River into Lake Ontario, or even to the ocean. It is very probable, however, that, should they leave the Onondaga Lake, they will remain in Lake Ontario, and pass the entire period of their immaturity in the latter body of water.

Professor MARSH, having completed the determination of the new species of fossil mammals and birds obtained during the Yale College expeditions of the summers of 1870 and 1871, has begun upon the reptiles, and has described five new species of a new genus, which he calls *Thinosaurus*. These were large carnivorous lizards, resembling the *Varanidæ*, or monitors, but differing in certain features pointed out by the professor. They are all from the tertiary beds of Wyoming. Other species belong to two new genera, *Oreosaurus* and *Tinosaurus*, together with a new species of a genus (*Glytosaurus*) previously indicated.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AN eminent English magistrate, wise, learned, and most highly esteemed, recently died by his own hand, at the age of fifty-eight. This tragic end was manifestly brought about by the nervous exhaustion and mental depression consequent upon overworking both brain and body. A dozen years ago the health of this judge began to suffer from his constant labors, but he gave himself no rest; work had become a habit with him, and he continued to overload himself. Three years ago depression of spirits and other signs of mental fatigue and disease showed themselves. Still he gave no reasonable attention to the laws of health, and even refused to take the ordinary recreation which was within his reach. His labors during the past summer had been specially exhausting, and he often found himself unable to sleep. It is stated that for two weeks the overtired worker obtained no sleep. Even then he persisted in keeping busy. A few days before his death he became exceedingly depressed and silent, his memory failed, and various peculiarities were noticed. He had always evinced the greatest horror of the crime of self-destruction; yet reason became so perverted that he sought relief from his sufferings by suicide.

Such a death is an impressive warning to all brain-workers of the danger of constant and excessive exercise of that delicate and sensitive organ. When desire of gain, the temptations of ambition, the love of labor or study for its own sake, or any motive, however laudable in itself, leads to the neglect of the laws of health, it is time to check the impelling impulse. And the brain-worker who can not *sleep* may well take instant alarm. The mind *must* have rest, or it will avenge itself fearfully.

We are always pleased when come the balmy Indian-summer days. Sometimes we seem to have several Indian summers in one season; for whether the genuine one is to be expected in October or November is one of nature's conundrums. So whenever the autumn days are marked by a peculiar mellow haziness and genial warmth we call it the Indian summer, enjoy it immensely, and call for an *encore*.

The prairie fires are again raging. The season has been unusually dry, and in the vicinity of Omaha an area of thirty miles has been burned over, destroying houses, barns, and enormous quantities of hay and grain.

Those visiting the American Institute Fair—and it is well worth a careful visit—will find in the "Department of Machinery" many interesting and curious objects. All the motive power in the department is derived from the great driving engine of 100 horse-power. The working of the various curious machines is a source of boundless delight to children, whose young minds are forever seeking to learn "how things are done." And parents and teachers will not find it dull to accompany them.

Western Michigan is a fertile country, and lacks not for fruit. Statistics show the number of fruit trees now growing there to be as follows: peach-trees, 900,000; pear-trees, 140,000; plum-trees, 30,000; cherry-trees, 27,000; apple-trees, 170,000; quince-trees, 10,000. There are also 180,000 grape-vines; about 630 acres of strawberries are under cultivation, 600 acres of blackberries, and 900 acres of raspberries.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* tells the following story:

"The visiting justices of a certain inland English county were inspecting a lunatic asylum. A female patient handed to one of them a paper to read in vindication of her sanity. After perusing a part of the document on the spot the justices put it aside for the time being, coming to the conclusion that the very phraseology of the writer was conclusive proof of her lunacy. Upon a subsequent and more careful analysis of the petition it was discovered that the sentences which had so struck the justices as conclusive of lunacy were taken verbatim from a leading article in the London *Daily Telegraph*."

Whether the above should be considered as true, or merely a little editorial pleasantry, is a question left to readers to solve for themselves.

In the cells of that gloomy building known as the Tombs there are confined twenty-two men charged with the crime of murder. All of these have been committed to prison since January, 1872, with the exception of William Foster, the history of whose crime is well known. It is said that there is not one of these prisoners who does not expect an acquittal.

The horse epidemic, which has caused such consternation from its sudden appearance and alarming spread in this and other cities, is considered by many veterinary surgeons as a species of influenza, and not a new disease, strictly speaking. The effects of the disease, whether it be new or old, have been startling, thousands of horses having been almost simultaneously seized with it, and many dying from its severity or from lack of proper treatment. The disease was brought from Canada, where it has raged with peculiar virulence, and first made its appearance on this side of the river at Niagara Falls on October 11. In Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, and Boston it was reported before it reached New York. Whether it is actually contagious, or due to some atmospheric causes, is still uncertain.

When the Escurial was struck by lightning, the following telegram was sent to Madrid:

"ESCURIAL, *October* 1, 11.30 P.M.—The great monastery is burning, having been struck by lightning. We have only one fire-engine here, and it is in bad order. The fire increases."

It seems singular that a great palace which had been struck by lightning three times before, and also suffered from several other fires, should be provided with only one fire-engine in "bad order." However, about seven hundred men, women, and children lent a willing hand to help, and in a few hours all the rare old books and manuscripts and other valuables were removed from the library. The magnificent frescoes in the library are uninjured.

The eldest son of Baron James Rothschild is compiling a history of the Rothschild family from 1806 to 1871. It will contain several unpublished letters of Napoleon I., and from eminent French statesmen.

A strange murder—we may certainly call it so if men and monkeys are identical—was committed lately at Montrouge, a suburb of Paris. An agent of manufacturing chemists—Dumas by name—had in his possession a black ape, which had been brought to him from Africa. It was M. Dumas's custom every evening before going to bed to take a glass of *eau sucrée*, into which he put a little orange-water. The monkey, which was in the bedroom, and saw him do this, is believed to have formed the purpose of repeating the act. M. Dumas had just received from his employers a specimen of nitric acid which he was to sell to a retail dealer in Paris. After having opened and examined the bottle he prepared his glass of sugar-and-water and went to bed and fell asleep. The monkey then poured the contents of the bottle into the glass and retired. Feeling thirsty during the night, M. Dumas rose and swallowed the poison. He died shortly afterward, having suffered the most excruciating agony. When the neighbors came in, the monkey was seen with the empty bottle in its hands.

A novelty is in preparation for the Vienna International Exhibition, in the shape of a volume entitled *The Album of American Invention*. It is designed to be an elegant medium of exhibiting the peculiarities and advantages of the American works and machinery which may be upon exhibition. The book is to be of mammoth size, to display elegant American press-work and binding, to be divided into appropriate departments, to be extensively illustrated with working drawings of all prominent inventions, and to be printed in three languages—English, French, and German.

The Scotch miners at Wishaw have voluntarily refused an offered advance to their wages of a shilling a day, because the coal-masters have raised the price of coal recently seven shillings a ton. They unanimously agreed to a resolution to the effect "That the masters be asked to take the last advance off the price of coal, and take back the shilling."

Election anecdotes are on the increase—and naturally so. The following is referred to Secretary Boutwell. When he was in Maine a while ago he met a fiery Liberal who wanted to wager his political existence on Pennsylvania and Ohio. After the elections in those States he again met the gentleman in Washington. "Well," said he, "we have beaten you this time."

"Yes," was the response, "I know you have. I'm with you now. You couldn't expect a corrupt party like Greeley's to succeed."

The "chasm grip" ensued.

It now appears that the recent stories representing the Empress Carlotta as being at the point of death were far from true. While her mental malady is worse than ever, and all hope of cure has been given up, her bodily health gives promise of a long life. She still remains at the Château of Tervueren, where she lives almost alone in two rooms. Her madness has settled into a kind of capricious childishness. Her physician is the only person who can exercise any influence over her; she receives attentions from all other members of her household with repugnance, and often rejects them entirely. She performs many little duties for herself, arranging the dishes on her table, clearing them away after eating, and attending to the fire in her rooms. She always dines alone, and standing. Most of her time is occupied sending telegraphic dispatches to Napoleon III., whom she still believes to be on the throne, and conversing with the spirits which she thinks haunt the château. She refuses to see any of her own family. Poor Carlotta!

Certain European chemists have shown why we should be careful about keeping fruit in our sitting-rooms or in a sick-room for any length of time. They have proved that, from the moment of plucking, apples, cherries, currants, and other fruits are subject to incessant transformation. At first they absorb oxygen, thus robbing the surrounding air of its vital element. Then they evolve carbonic acid, and this in far greater volume than the purer gas is absorbed, so that we have poison given us in the place of pure air with compound interest. Temperature affects the rate of changes, warmth accelerating it.

The Emperor of Austria is said to be the most active sovereign in Europe: certainly he imposes upon himself a hard life, according to certain details of his private life given in a recent European journal. In winter as in summer he rises at five in the morning; walks until seven, almost always alone; then takes his coffee, and transacts business for two hours with the Councilor of State and his private secretaries. He then drives from Schönbrunn or Laxenburg to Vienna to accord audience to the ministers or deputations who wish to obtain an interview. Afterward he goes out to pay visits in the city. At eleven he takes a very frugal breakfast, and dines between four and five. His majesty eats little, and drinks still less. He prefers the national dishes to all others, and his dinner rarely lasts more than half an hour. In the evening, after having been to the theatre or to a soirée, he works for some time with his ministers, never going to bed later than ten. Notwithstanding the fatigues of mind and body to which he is exposed, his health is perfect.

STUDIES IN CENTRAL PARK—PROVIDENT AND IMPROVIDENT VIRGINS.—[Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.]

"OUT, DAMNED SPOT! OUT, I SAY!"—*Shakspeare.*

Here's the Smell of Corruption still! All the Perfumes of the Cincinnati-Baltimore Platform and the "Reform" Press will not sweeten this corrupt Hall.

GROWTH OF FINGER-NAILS.

A curious investigation has lately been made by Professor Dufour, of Lausanne, in regard to the rate of growth of the finger-nails, in which it is stated that the professor has extended his examinations over a period of more than twelve years. The actual results obtained, however, do not seem quite commensurate in importance with the time that must have been occupied, the principal conclusion being that the rapidity of growth in the nail of the little finger is less than that of the larger fingers and the thumb—the difference being about one-ninth. As a general rule, the nail grows one millimeter, or the twenty-fifth of an inch, in ten days, and the rapidity of the growth of the thumb-nail is probably a little greater than that of the finger-nails.

A Thing not to be Missed.—No lady in the city or country should fail to see and examine the New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing-Machine. This machine stands in the very front rank of first-class sewing-machines. It does every kind of work beautifully on every kind of material. In proof of this we urge every lady to visit the Wilson Sewing-Machine rooms, and examine the beautiful specimens of work there displayed. Look at them closely, they will bear it. You will see that whatever the material, the Wilson makes a firm, even, elastic seam, which no machine has ever surpassed. Best of all, this superb machine costs but fifty dollars, and at once establishes the fact that a first-class sewing-machine can be made and sold at a price that the people one and all can easily afford to pay. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U.S. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

Facts for the Ladies. — Mrs. Paschol, New Middleton, Tenn., has a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine in use since 1858; it has run constantly without repairs; has 10 of the original 12 needles. Other kinds of machines wear out in a few years; she has never seen a Wheeler & Wilson *worn out*. In 1867 she earned $317 75, besides doing the sewing for her family and six negro work hands, and considerable for her neighbors. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

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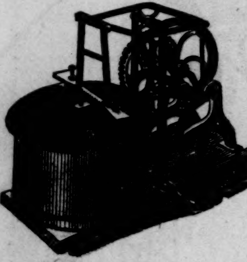

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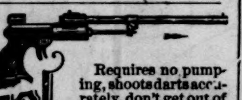

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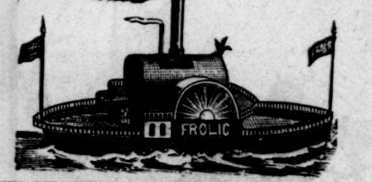

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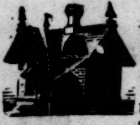

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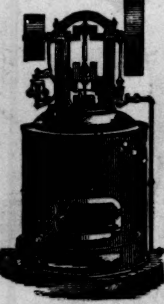

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1 Cash Gift, - -	15,000	20 Cash Gifts,	900 each
1 Cash Gift, - -	10,000	21 Cash Gifts,	800 each
1 Cash Gift, - -	9000	25 Cash Gifts,	700 each
1 Cash Gift, - -	8000	35 Cash Gifts,	600 each
1 Cash Gift, - -	7000	45 Cash Gifts,	500 each
1 Cash Gift, - -	6000	50 Cash Gifts,	400 each
1 Cash Gift, - -	5000	60 Cash Gifts,	300 each
1 Cash Gift, - -	4000	100 Cash Gifts,	200 each
1 Cash Gift, - -	3000	612 Cash Gifts,	100 each

Total, 1000 Gifts, all Cash, - - $500,000

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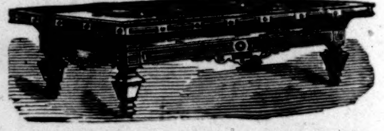

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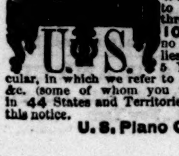

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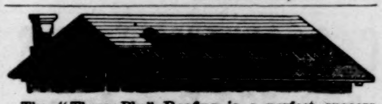

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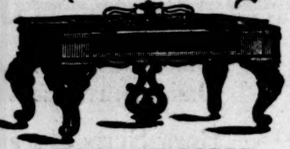

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Dakota	63	Michigan	5,498	South Carolina	695
Delaware	358	Minnesota	2,112	Tennessee	1,796
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Florida	213	Missouri	4,617	Utah	98
Georgia	969	Montana	411	Vermont	5,413
Idaho	176	Nebraska	1,413	Virginia	1,168
Illinois	6,897	Nevada	246	Washington Territory	311
Indiana	4,913	New Hampshire	3,898	West Virginia	743
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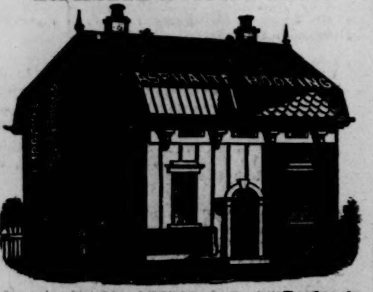

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CHAPTER XIV.

WORK-A-DAY LONDON.

T work! Before six in the morning, London—winter and summer—is astir. The postmen have already cleared the letter-boxes. It is not a place where the lazy man can lie under the canopy of heaven, and live through a perpetual summer on dishes of macaroni. The *lazzaroni* of Cockayne must needs be a cunning set. If they will not work, and work hard, they must cheat or steal. He who falls from honest, methodical, skilled labor, and the regular travel by the workman's train, must earn his shilling or eighteenpence a day as boardman or dock laborer; or he must withdraw to the work-house, or starve; or shift to the East, and become of that terrible company whose head-quarters may be taken to be somewhere about Bluegate Fields. The rigor of the climate, the swiftness of the life, the hosts of men with open mouth, the tough hand-to-hand wrestling for every crust, compel that sternness, and produce that care-worn look, which sit upon the poorer classes of London workmen.

Before six in the morning, while the mantle of night still lies over the sloppy streets, and the air stings the limbs to the marrow the shadows of men and boys may be seen, black objects against the deep gloom, gliding out of the side streets to the main thoroughfares. They are the van-guard of the army of Labor, who are to carry forward the marvelous story of London industry another step before sundown: to add a new story to a new terrace, the corner-stone to another building, bulwarks to another frigate, another station to another railway, and tons upon tons of produce from every clime to the mighty stock that is forever packed along the shores of the Thames. As they trudge on their way, the younger and lighter-hearted whistling defiance to the icy wind, the swift carts of fish-mongers, butchers, and green-grocers pass them, and they meet the slow-returning wagons of the market-gardeners, with the men asleep upon the empty baskets. The baked-potato man and the keeper of the coffee stall are their most welcome friends—and their truest, for they sell warmth that sustains and does not poison.

As the day breaks, in winter, the suburbs become alive with shop-boys and shopmen, poor clerks, needle-women of quick and timorous gait, and waiters who have to prepare for the day. The night cabs are crawling home, and the day cabs are being horsed in the steamy mews. The milkmen and women are abroad—first street vocalists of the day. The early omnibus draws up outside the public-house, the bar of which has just been lit up. The bar maid serves—sharp of temper and short in word—in her curl papers. The blinds creep up the windows of the villas. The newsboys shamble along, laden with morning papers, prodigal of chaff, and profuse in the exhibition of comforters. The postman's knock rings through the street; and at the sound every man who has to labor for his bread—whether banker banker's clerk, porter, or vendor of fusees at the Bank entrance—is astir.

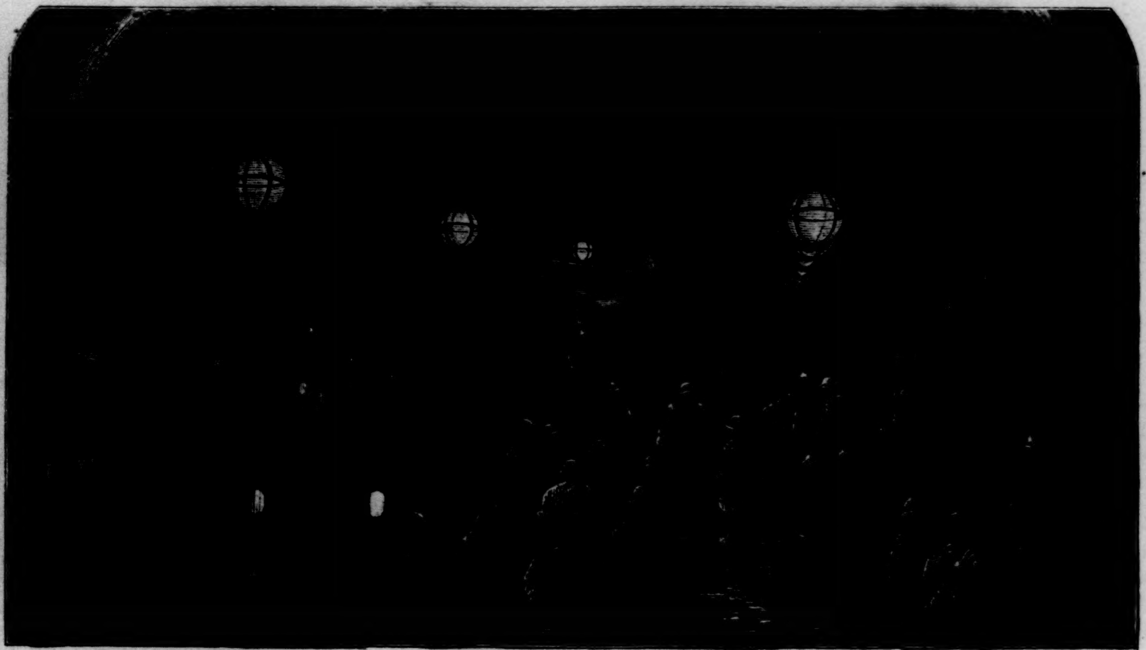
THE MATCH SELLER.

THE BEGGAR.

Another working-day has fairly opened, and mighty and multiform is the activity. Hasty making of tea and coffee, filling of shaving-pots, brushing of boots and coats and hats, reading of papers, opening of morning letters, kissing of wives and daughters, grasping of reins, mounting of omnibuses, and catching of trains—in every suburb! The start has been made, and the sometime silent City is filling at a prodigious rate. The trim omnibuses from Clapham and Fulham, from Hackney and Hampstead, make a valiant opposition to the suburban lines of railway. The bridges are choked with vehicles. While the City is being flooded with money-making humanity, the West End streets are given up to shop-cleaners and town travelers; and while these early bread-winners are preparing for the fashion of the day, gentlemen who live at ease amble to and fro the early burst in the park; and Her Majesty's civil servants honor the pavement, each looking as though he had just stepped out of a bandbox, and protested somewhat at the stern duty that compelled him to emerge before the day was aired—to use Beau Brummel's delightfully whimsical phrase.

On our way to the City on the tide of Labor we light upon places in which the day is never aired: only the high points of which the sun ever hits. Rents spread with rags, swarming with the children of mothers forever greasing the walls with their shoulders; where there is an angry hopelessness and carelessness painted upon the face of every man and woman, and the oaths are loud, and the crime is continuous; and the few who do work with something like system are the ne'er-do-weels of the great army. As the sun rises the court swarms at once: for here there are no ablutions to perform, no toilets to make—neither brush nor comb delays the outpouring of babes and sucklings from the cellars and garrets. And yet in the midst of such a scene as this we can not miss touches of human goodness, and of honorable instinct making a tooth-and-nail fight against adverse circumstances. Some country wenches, who have

BAKED-POTATO MAN.

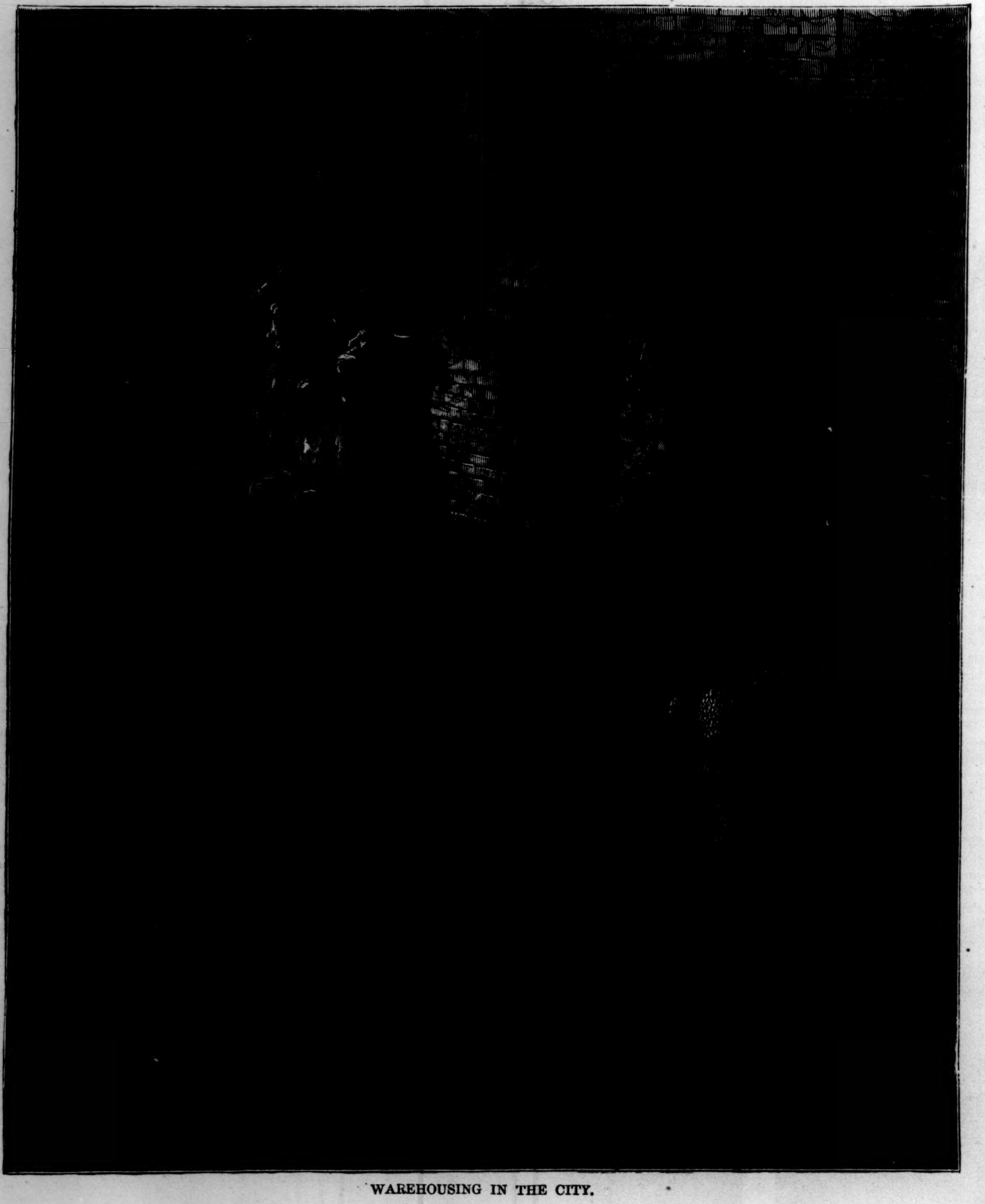


THE WORKMEN'S TRAIN.

been cast into London—Irish girls mostly—hasten out of the horrors of the common lodging-house to market, where they buy their flowers for the day's huckstering in the City. They are to be seen selling roses and camellias, along the curb by the Bank, to dapper clerks. There is an affecting expression in the faces of some of these rough *bouquetières*, that speaks of honorable effort to make headway out of the lodging-house and the rents, and reminds one of Hood's Peggy rather than of the bold, daintily attired damsel who decorated the button-holes of the Paris Jockey Club under the Empire. Then there are sad, lonely, unclassed men, who are striving might and main to keep out of the lowest depths: widowers left with sickly children, small tradesmen who have been ruined, and are not fit for rough unskilled work; even men of superior station—as worn-out, unfortunate clerks or school-masters. Some, in their

hours; and the murmur of the traders and porters strikes upon the ear as we lean over the parapet of London Bridge, and mark the growing light peeping through the lines of the vast fleets at anchor on the north and south of the stream. The air is clear (it sometimes is in maligned London); the stars are twinkling fainter and fainter as the sun approaches; and only the skirmishers of the advanced guard that is to tramp and plunge across the bridge before many hours have passed are on the foot-ways. The grand dome of St. Paul's has unwonted grandeur in the blue, unblurred light; and the dreamer's fancy may people the cross with angels spreading radiant wings to travel over the mightiest city of the earth, and protect the unknown heroes and heroines who every day toil and moil under deadening loads of trouble.

The bees swarm curiously, too, at Charing Cross and Pimlico, whence they travel



WAREHOUSING IN THE CITY.

very despair, beg; others become hireling scribes for their low associates; others, again, fall ultimately out of the lists of labor—whether honest or dishonest—and are carried off, protesting to the last, to the House. Some—of merrier mood—take to trifle-selling in the streets.

Waking London is, indeed, a wonderful place to study, from the park where the fortunate in the world's battle are gathering roses, to the stone-yard by Shadwell, where, at daybreak one chilly morning, we saw the houseless, who had had a crust and a shakedown in the casual ward, turn to the dreary labor by which it was to be paid. Waking London on the river-banks is a picturesque phase of the general stirring. The first wherries put off through the ghostly shipping upon the leaden tide as the sky pales in the east. There has been an illumination by Billingsgate for

under the houses, and over the houses, to the City. The journey between Vauxhall, or Charing Cross, and Cannon Street presents to the contemplative man scenes of London life of the most striking description. He is admitted behind the scenes of the poorest neighborhoods, surveys interminable terraces of back gardens alive with women and children, has a bird's-eye view of potteries and work-yards of many kinds, and on all sides, from hundreds of fissures and corners, finds his imagination quickened by the feathering of all-compassing steam.

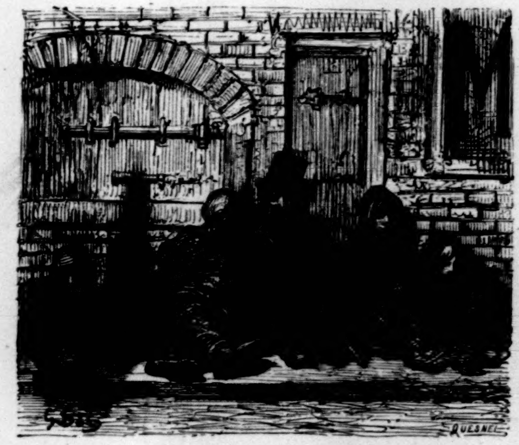
And so the City fills. The gates of the Exchange are thrown open; the under-writers unfold their papers upon their tables; the flys from the suburbs bring ancient dames to the Bank to touch their dividends; the Stock Exchange becomes noisy; the banks in Lombard Street fill with customers and clerks; the Lord Mayor takes his

seat in his police court; the bankrupt appears in Basinghall Street; and the pigeons of the Guildhall strut about unconcernedly amid the plaintiffs, defendants, witnesses, jurymen, and lawyers who follow in the wake of the judges to the sittings in the City.

The centre of the activity is the figure of George Peabody, the noble American citizen who made his piles of gold by honorable labor in these busy streets and buildings, and while he traveled on his busy way was mindful of the poor who passed by him; whom he watched as he traveled hither, just as we on our pilgrimage have watched them; and concluded that much of their misery and corruption came from the "evil communications" which are inevitable in the crowded lanes and alleys to which he who can command only a poor sum by the work of his hands is driven by necessity. The massing of the poor—the density increasing with the poverty—is at the root of the evils which afflict most of the great cities of Europe. It is the striking and affecting feature of London especially, where, in the lanes and alleys, the houses are so full of children that, to use a wit's illustration, you can hardly shut the street-door for them. In the poorest of London districts the men, women, and children appear, on entering, to have abandoned all hope. There is a desperate, ferocious levity in the air: and the thin, wan, woe-begone faces laugh and jeer at you as you pass by. They are the workless of work-a-day London—born in idleness to die in the work-house, or upon bare boards.

CHAPTER XV.

HUMBLE INDUSTRIES.

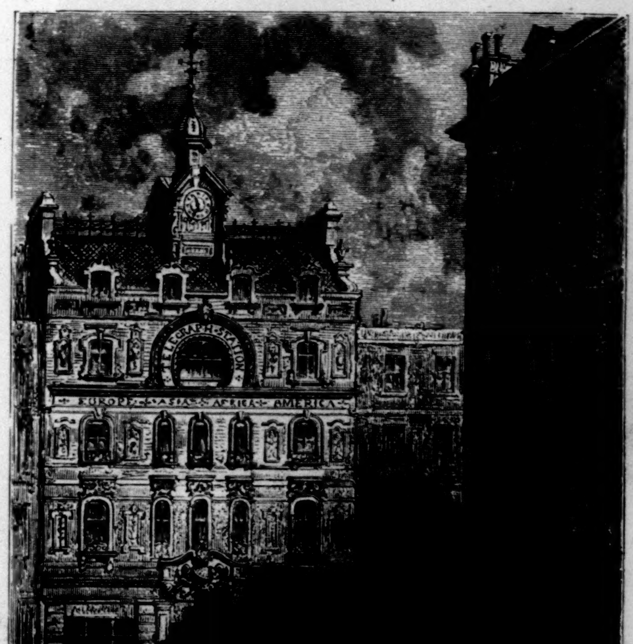


MANY varieties of industry—of industry that makes millionaires, and industry that just holds body and soul together—will come under the notice of the London Pilgrim who will explore London east of the Royal Exchange. In the heart of the City there is one outward form of feverish activity. Barter, speculation, vast enterprise, the sending forth of fleets, the sinking of mines, the negotiating of loans, the laying down of leagues of railway, the buying and selling of gold and silver, occupy the well-dressed multitudes. The clerk's outward man has as prosperous a seeming as that of his employer, who lives in the West, and has a duke for a next-door neighbor. Behind many of the groups are very dismal shabby-genteel stories, no doubt; but nothing save prosperous, shiny broadcloth, glossy hats, and decorated button-holes is apparent in the street. Here are no pinched cheeks or ragged limbs, except when shadows from the East are slipping timorously through the golden realm, to earn a crust, or beg one, in the West. The abounding refreshment places—from the dark and greasy old gridiron chop-houses in the lanes, to the modern finery and luxury of lunch at the Palmerston, or in ancient Crosby Hall (one of the most picturesque bits of old and modern London massed and mingled in one picture, as it struck my fellow-pilgrim one busy morning)—all are packed with hurrying men, eager to eat and drink, and confident about the wherewithal. London abounds in startling contrasts. These stately arcades of the Royal Exchange—defaced, it must be admitted, by unsightly advertisements—with Her Majesty holding the centre of the Quadrangle, are but a few minutes' walk from the Market—the Exchange—of rags! Here the princes of finance buy and sell thousands with a nod of the head, or lunch while they bid, at Lloyd's, for an Australian clipper. We travel East, and at once come upon speculators of another world, merchants for whom nothing is too small, or mean, or repulsive. The violent contrasts of London life struck Addison, as still they strike every close observer. But in his day the contrasts were not so crowded together as they are now, and the poor were not in such imposing legions. Among the watch-makers and jewelers of Clerkenwell, the starveling descendants of the Spitalfields weavers, the cabinet-makers and workers in wood by the Aldersgate Street purlieus, the Teutons who bake and refine sugar in Whitechapel, the unsavory leather-workers of Bermondsey, the shoe-makers of Shoreditch and Drury Lane, the potters of Lambeth, are hosts of shiftless, hopeless victims of the fierce competition and the overcrowded labor market: the slop-workers, needle-women, street vendors, mountebanks, sharpers, beggars, and thieves, who disgrace our civilization by their sufferings or their misdeeds.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The extremes lie close together. How many minutes' walk have we between St. Swithin's Lane, and that low gateway of the world-famed millionaire, and this humble authority in Exchanges, in materials for shoddy, in left-off clothes cast aside by the well-to-do, to be passed with due consideration and profit to the backs of the poor? The old-clothes man's children are rolling about upon his greasy treasure, while he, with his heavy silver spectacles poised upon his hooked nose, takes up each item, and estimates it to a farthing.

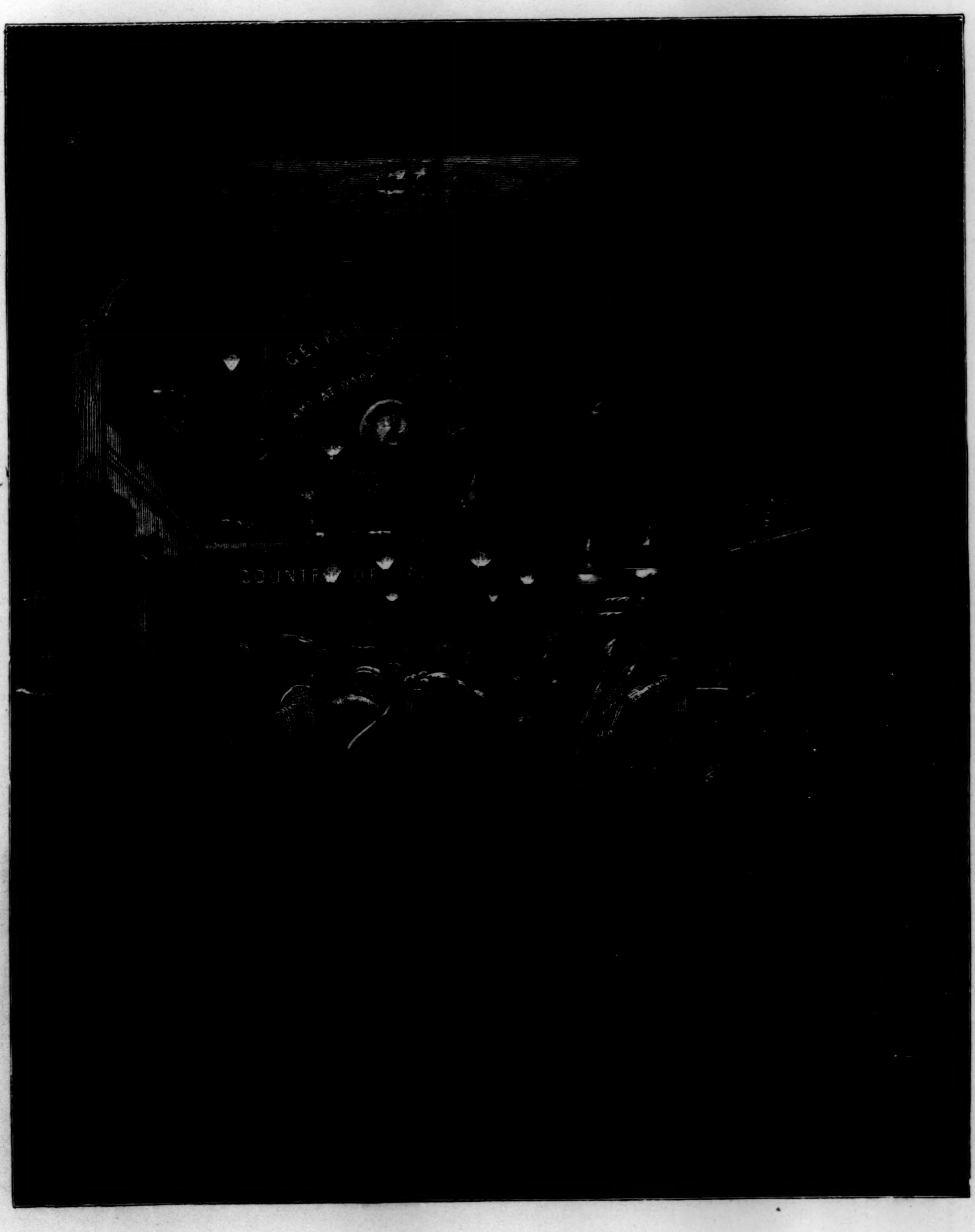
East from the City, to the heart of Shoreditch and Whitechapel, is one of the walks which best repay the London visitor. The quaint, dirty, poverty-laden, stall-lined streets are here and there relieved by marts and warehouses and emporiums, in which rich men who employ the poorest labor are housed. It is an ancient neighborhood, as some of the overhanging houses proclaim; and it remains a picturesque one, with the infinitely various lines and contrivances of the shops and stalls, and gaudy inns and public houses; the overhanging clothes, the mounds of vegetables, the piles of hardware, the confused heaps of fish, all cast about to catch the pence of the bonnetless disheveled women, the heavy navvies, and the shoeless children. The German, the Jew, the Frenchman, the Lascar, the swarthy native of Spitalfields, the leering thin-handed thief, the bully of his court, the silly-Billy of the neighborhood—on whom the neighborhood is merciless—with endless swarms of ragged children, fill road and pavement. The Jewish butchers lounge, fat and content, in their doorways; the coster mongers drive their barrows slowly by, filling the air with their hoarse voices. The West End Londoner is as completely in a strange land as any traveler from the Continent. A saunter through the extensive vegetable market of Spitalfields; a turn in Houndsditch, by Bishopsgate Church; a pause where Whitechapel joins Aldgate, under the splendid auspices of Messrs. Moses and Sons—employers of these pale work-folk who flit to and fro under our eyes—or a trip in the heavily charged atmosphere of Rosemary Lane, where the flat, stale odor of old clothes soon unnerves the too curious observer; and so out upon the tea and colonial



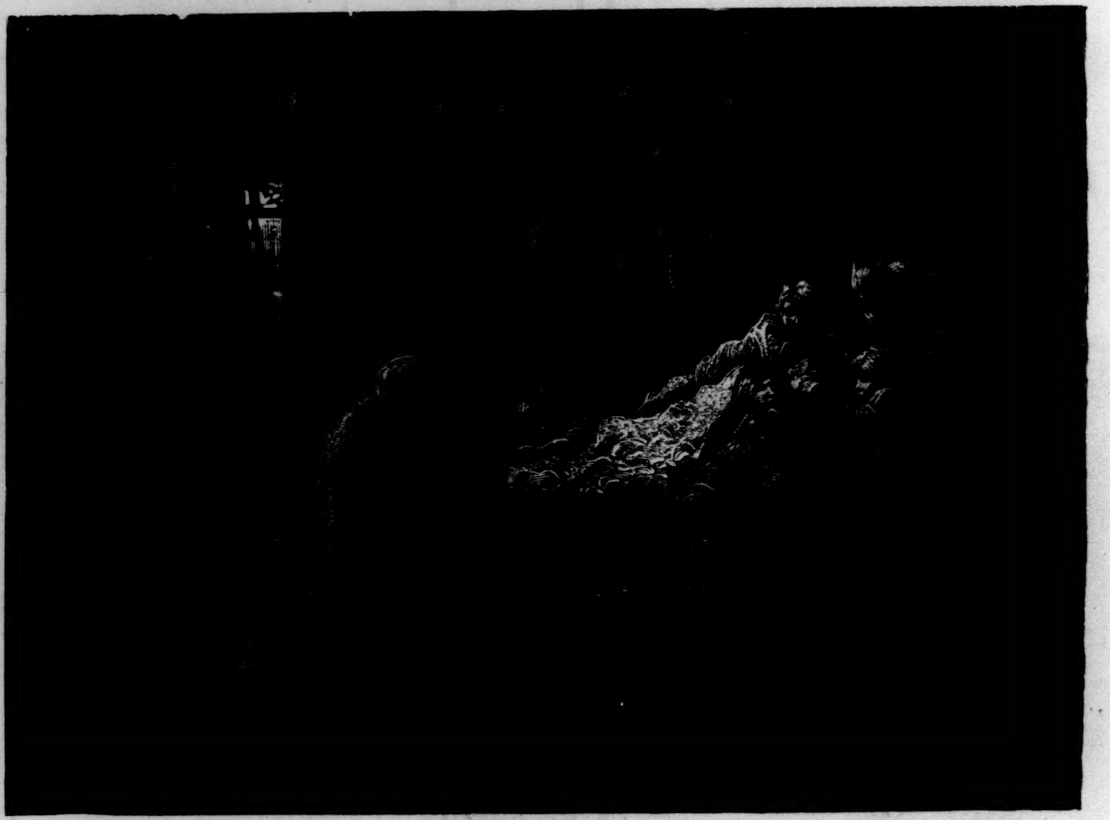
THE MONUMENT TO GEORGE PEABODY.

ORANGE COURT, DRURY LANE.

BILLINGSGATE—LANDING THE FISH.



BILLINGSGATE—EARLY MORNING



THE RAG MERCHANT'S HOME—COULSTON STREET, WHITECHAPEL.

grandees of America Square and Mincing Lane—will reveal a new world of London to many a Cockney who thought he knew the great City well. The grandest and noblest spectacles of commerce touch the basest and most heart-breaking: the Captain of the Indiaman elbows the sweater from the clothes mart and the Fagin of the Shadwell fence. Within sight of home-sailing fleets the needle-woman, who puts together cheap finery for the Sunday wear of the shop-boy, works her heart out. Yet throughout this neighborhood—that is, in the open—there is a valiant cheeriness full of strength. The humors of the place are rough and coarse, as the performances in the penny gaffs and public-house sing-songs testify; but there is every where a readiness to laugh. The vendor of old clothes, who addresses the by-standers in Houndsditch, throws jests into his address. Cheap Jack must be a humorist, let him appear where he may—in England. The gallantry of the cheap butcher who cries "buy-buy-buy!" the livelong day to customers who market with pence is proverbial. The veriest slattern is "my dear" to him; and he recommends an indescribable pile of scraps with an airy compliment or two, not unwelcome to the shriveled ear that receives them. The dealers on the pavement patter in the liveliest fashion, recommending pots and gridirons, strings of onions, lucifers, cabbages, whelks, oysters, and umbrellas by lively appeals to the good humor of the passers-by. The man who has a ready wit will empty his basket, while the dull vendor remains with his arms crossed.

That which most astonishes the watcher of the industries of the poor is the fertility of invention that never slackens. In a low lodging-house by Shadwell, which we entered late one February night, in the midst of the hurly-burly, herring-frying, gambling, and singing, a poor old man was making card-board railway carriages—for sale in the streets. I remarked that this was something new.

"Yes, Sir," he said, lifting the side of a carriage with his gummed pencil as he spoke—for he could not afford to lose a moment—"Yes, Sir: they won't look at stage-coaches now. Yer see, the young 'uns don't know 'em, so I've took to these 'ere; and they takes 'em readily."

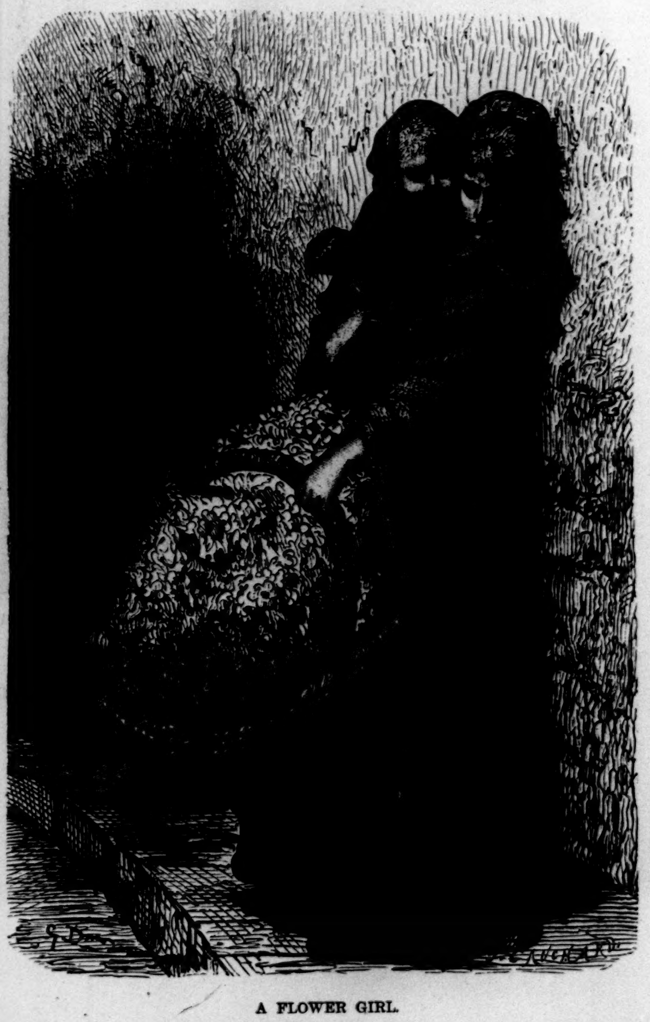
THE OLD-CLOTHES MAN.

The Fashion of the West ripples faintly even here, by the walls of the Docks, and at the curb by the Standard Theatre, and along the line of old Ratcliff Highway. It has established penny ices—for which the juvenile population exhibit astonishing voracity—in all the poor districts of the Metropolis. Wherever we have traveled in crowded places of the working population we have found the penny-ice man doing a brisk trade—even when his little customers were blue with the cold. The popular ice vendor is the fashionable rival of the ginger-beer hawker—an old, familiar London figure. The ginger-beer man, in the presence of this recent competition, curses, no doubt, the uncertain whim of the public mind, as the old coachman cursed the engine-driver; but the penny ice has proved too strong for the ancient ginger-beer bottle, lying in orderly rows upon the substantial stall. The ginger-beer merchant of to-day must move with the times: and this is how we saw him gesticulating and pattering one sultry morning to the thirsty crowd of the New Cut.

"The Best Drink Out!" was his perpetual cry: "the best drink out" being duly iced to meet the educated taste of his shoeless customers.

"There really isn't any knowing what we shall come to," said an intelligent New Cut dealer, who was fast disposing of immense mounds of cabbages and lettuces. "Just look how common pines have become, at a penny a slice. In my young days no such thing as a pine had been seen in any market except Covent Garden. But the worst of it is"—the man continued, following out his practical line of thought—"the worst of it is, while what I call luxuries get cheaper every season, necessities—the things a man must have—get dearer. These are curious times, gentlemen; and we must keep up to them, or go to the wall. People want so many more things than they did when I was a lad. You see, as I said before, cheap luxuries and dear necessities are the cause of all the mischief. I don't know how it's to be helped: it isn't my business; but I see the mistake plain enough, when the crowds in rags are collecting round the new-fangled ginger-beer and penny-ice men."

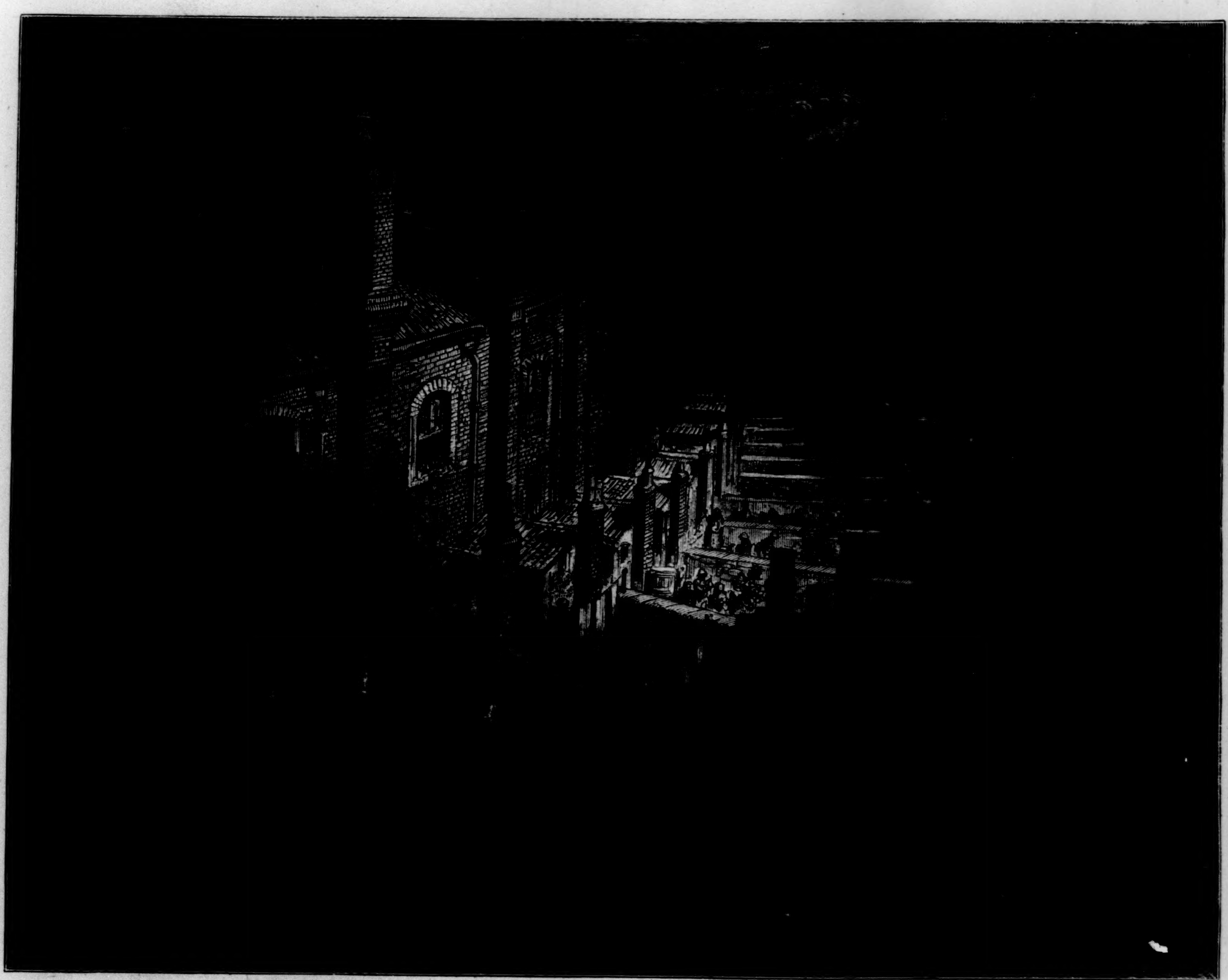
And the philosopher filled a bonnetless woman's apron with cabbages, when she had critically felt the heart of each, deeply anxious about her utmost pennyworth.



A FLOWER GIRL.

THE GINGER-BEER MAN.

JEWISH BUTCHERS—ALDGATE.



OVER LONDON—BY RAIL.